

CLEAN COMICS FOR EVERYONE

No. 99

ANC

MARCH
10c

BIG
SHOT



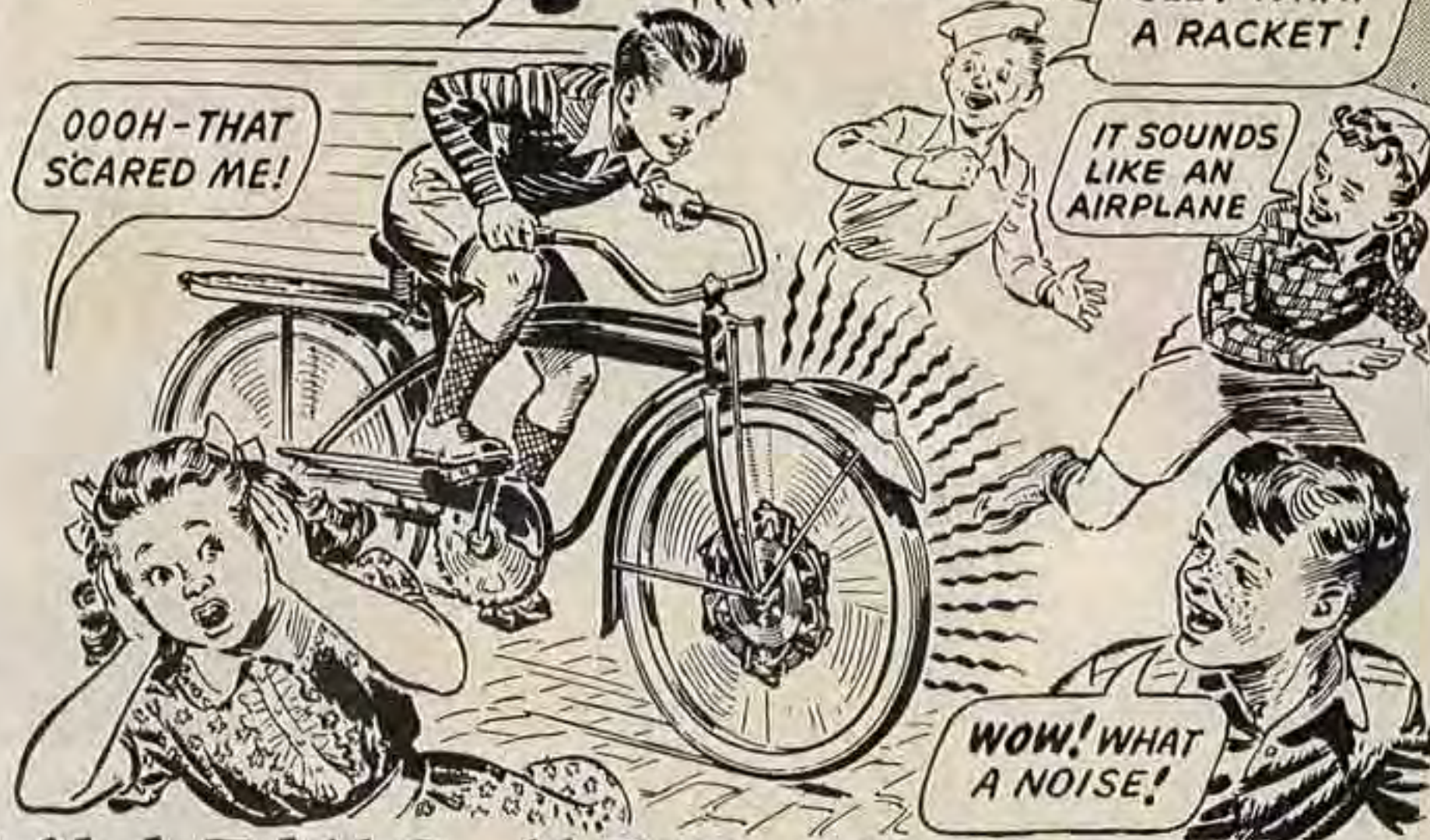
I WISH
THE CITY WOULD
GET THEIR **SNOW-
PLOW** FIXED---
MY **FEET** ARE
FREEZING!!

BRASS K
TONSOR



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

BOYS! — Give Your Bike the ROAR of a Motorcycle!



AMAZING NEW INVENTION MAKES EVERY RIDE A THRILL! Startle your buddies!

This sensational, new Aero-Motor gives you a thrill on every ride! Not a motor but looks and sounds just like a real engine. The faster you go the louder the roar. Special "four-engine" sound device can give you an extra mighty roar like a Thunderbolt. When you slow down, you get the steady purr of a machine gun. Watch people scatter and look up when you come along. It's the thrill of a lifetime. When you stop a crowd will gather

around you. Easily attached in a few minutes. Nothing to get out of order. Write for yours NOW.

BIKE DECORATION SET EXTRA for prompt action!

If you order NOW we will include at no additional cost a Bike Decoration Kit which includes flags and red, white and blue streamers 10 ft. long to dress up your bike on special occasions. Order TODAY.

ONLY
\$1.49



SEND NO MONEY

Just send name and address. On arrival pay postman \$1.49 plus C.O.D. postage on our guarantee if not completely satisfied your money back. If you send cash, we pay postage.

Nelson-Charles Co., Dept. 511F, 215 N. Mich. Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.



RUSH THIS COUPON

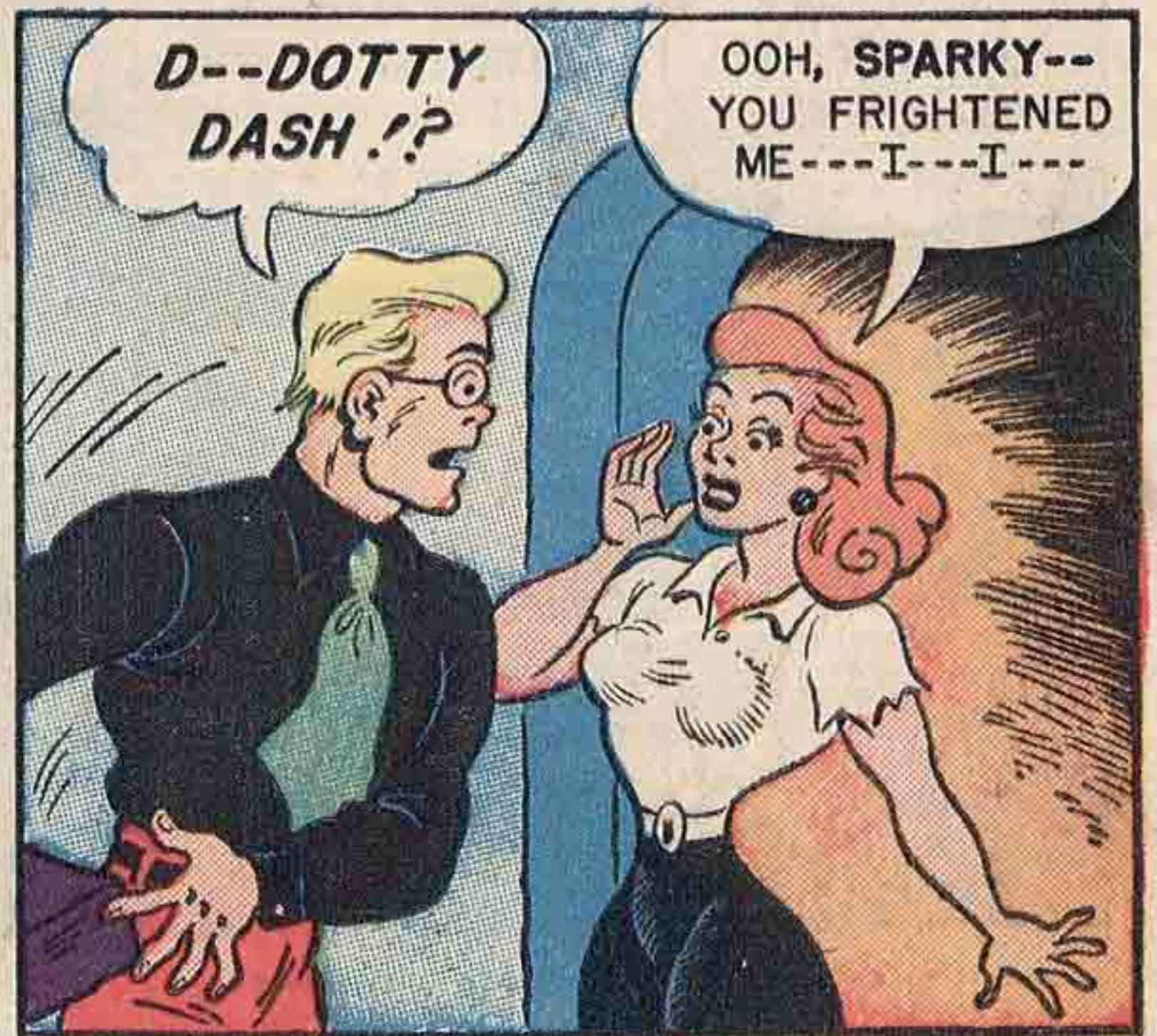
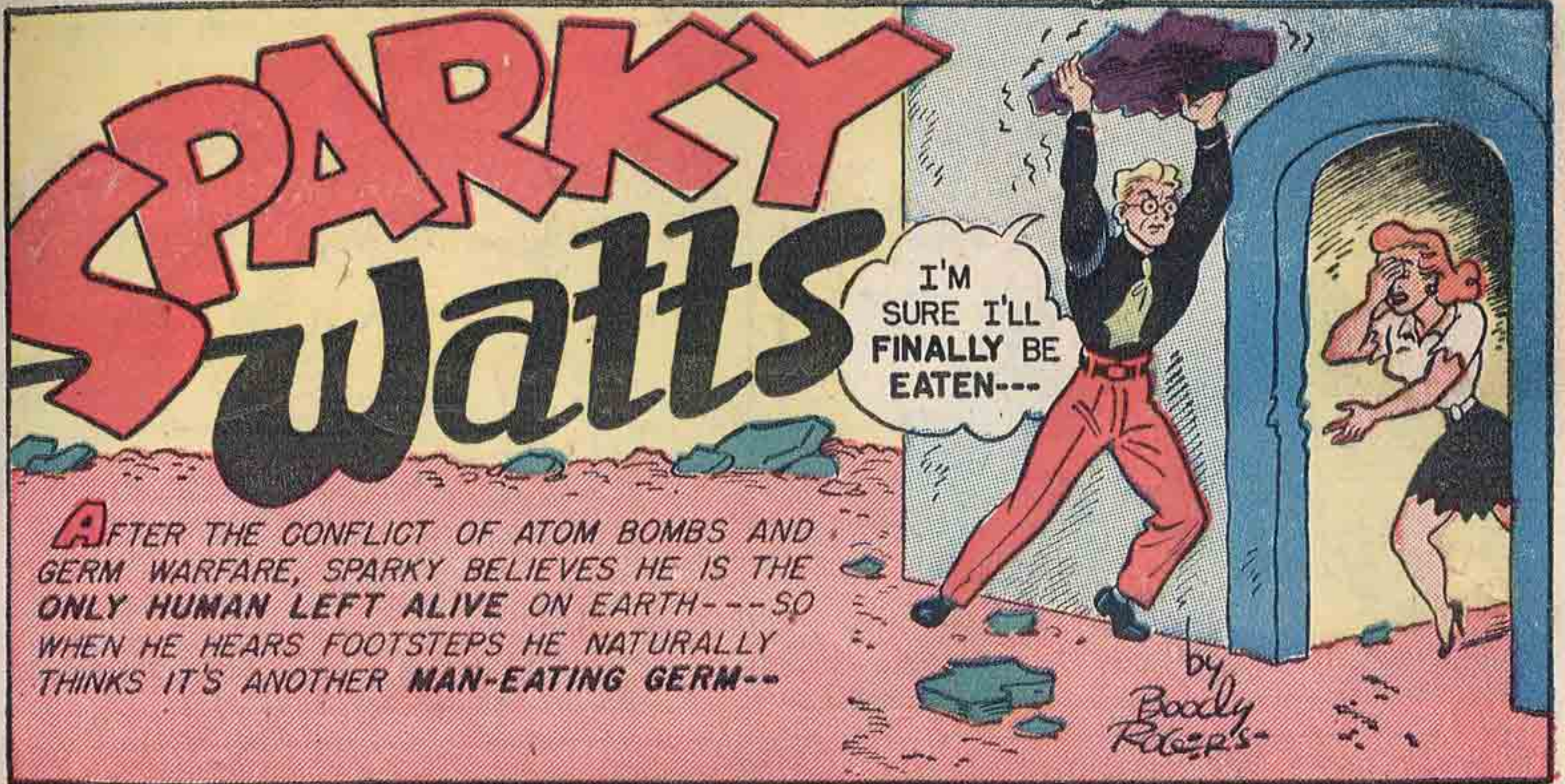
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Send Aero-Motor plus Bike Decoration Kit as a reward for prompt action. On arrival, I'll deposit \$1.49 plus C.O.D. postage on guarantee if not completely satisfied I can return and you will refund my money.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

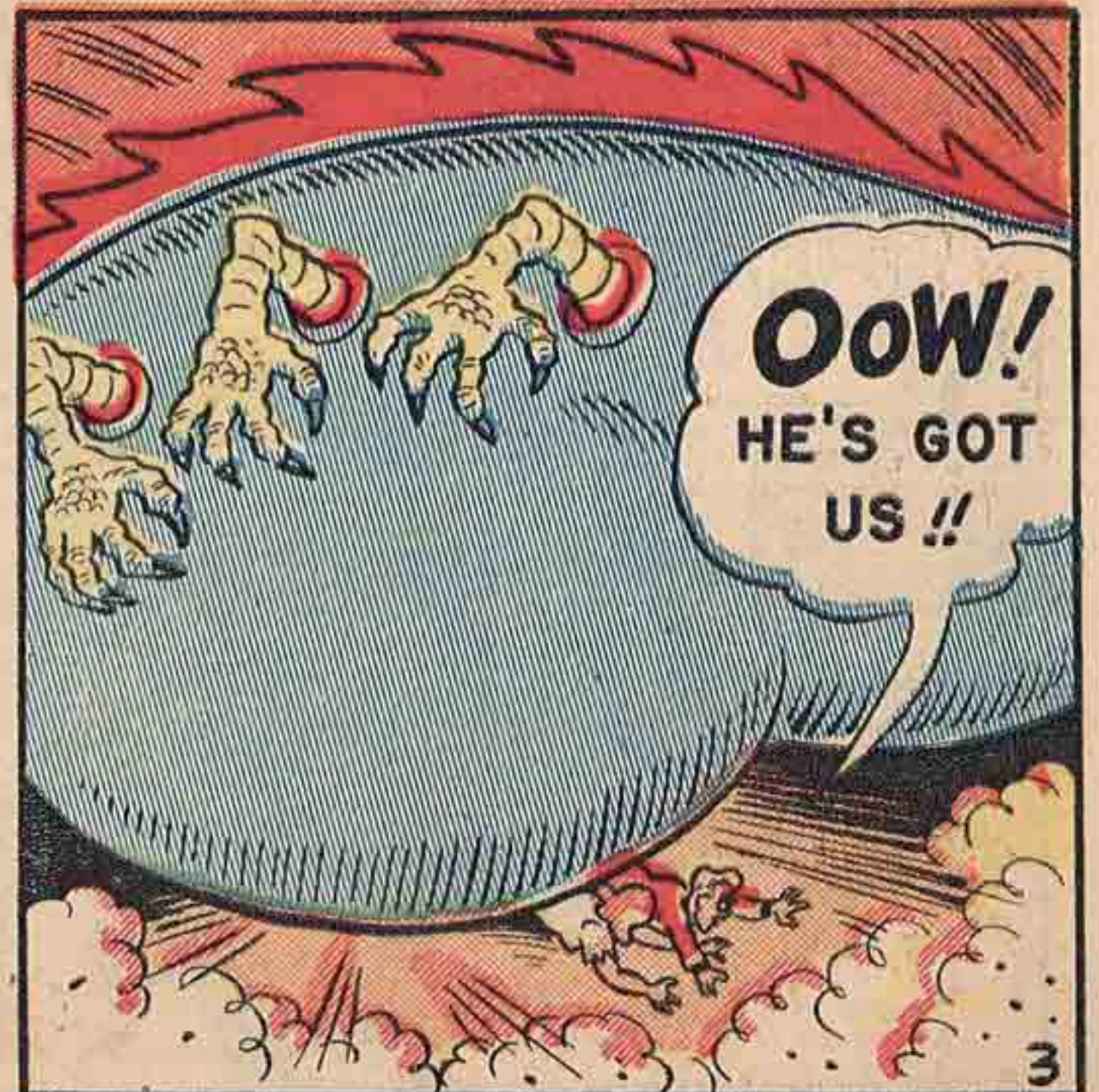
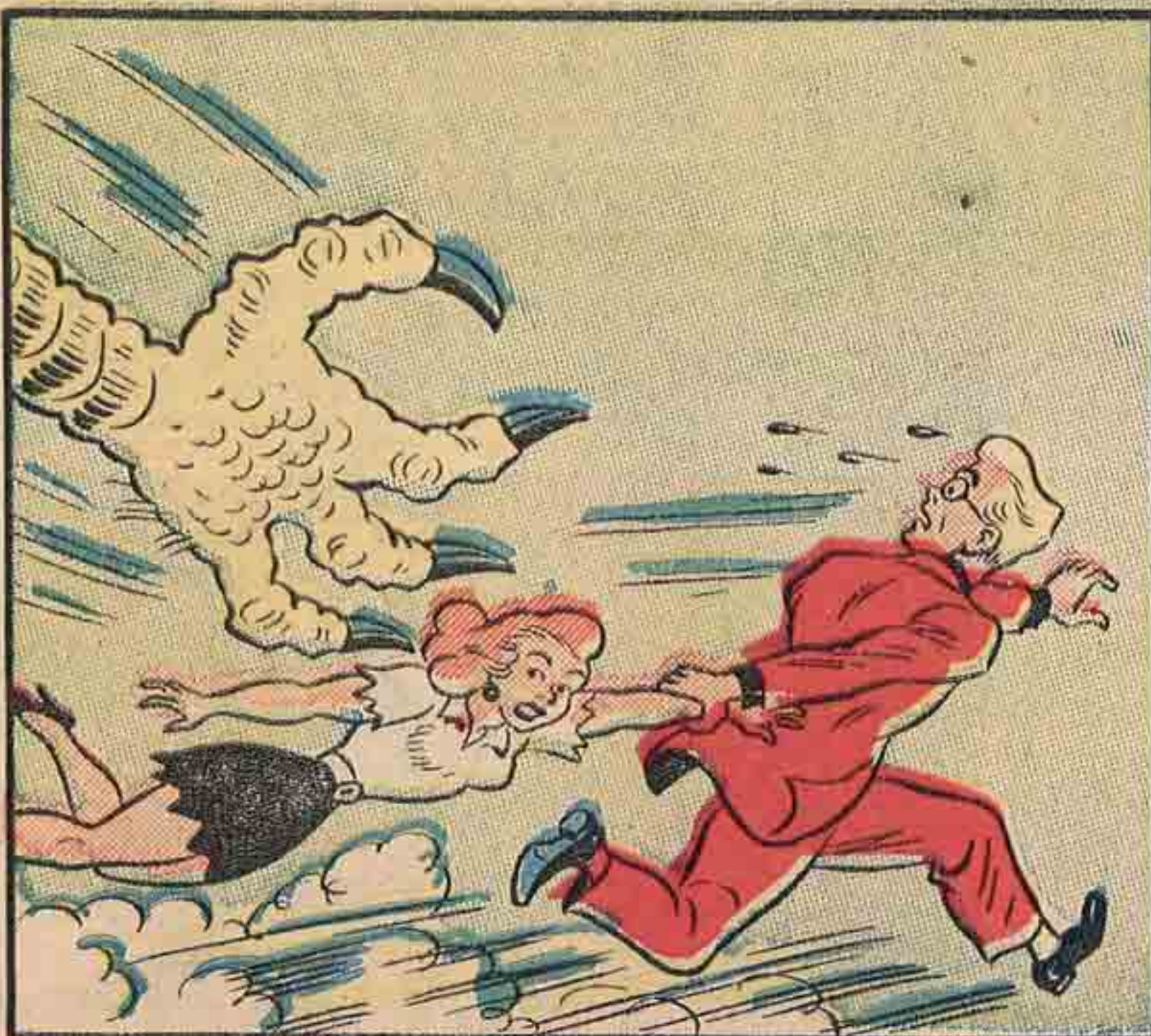
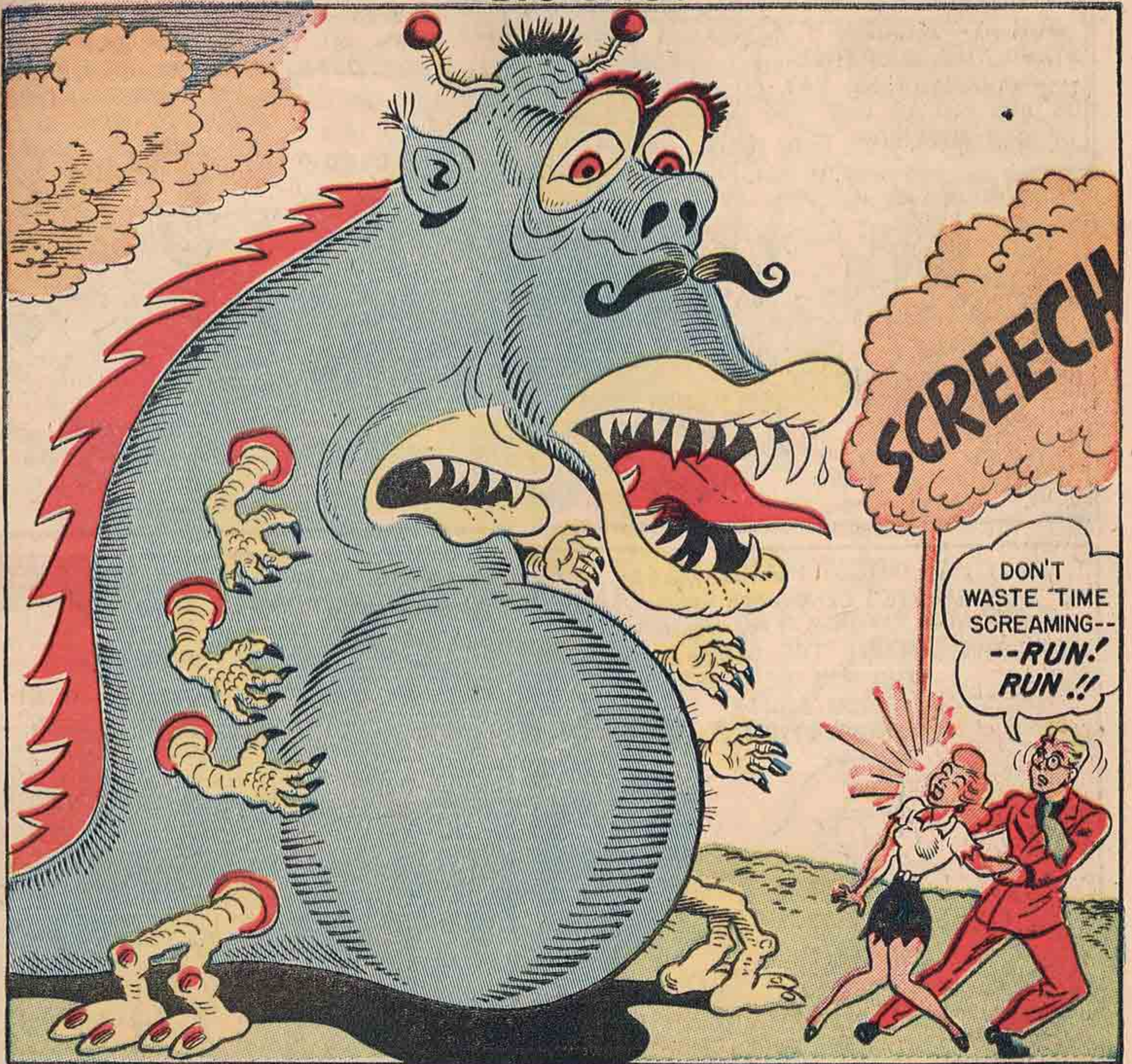
SAVE MONEY. If you send cash, we pay postage.



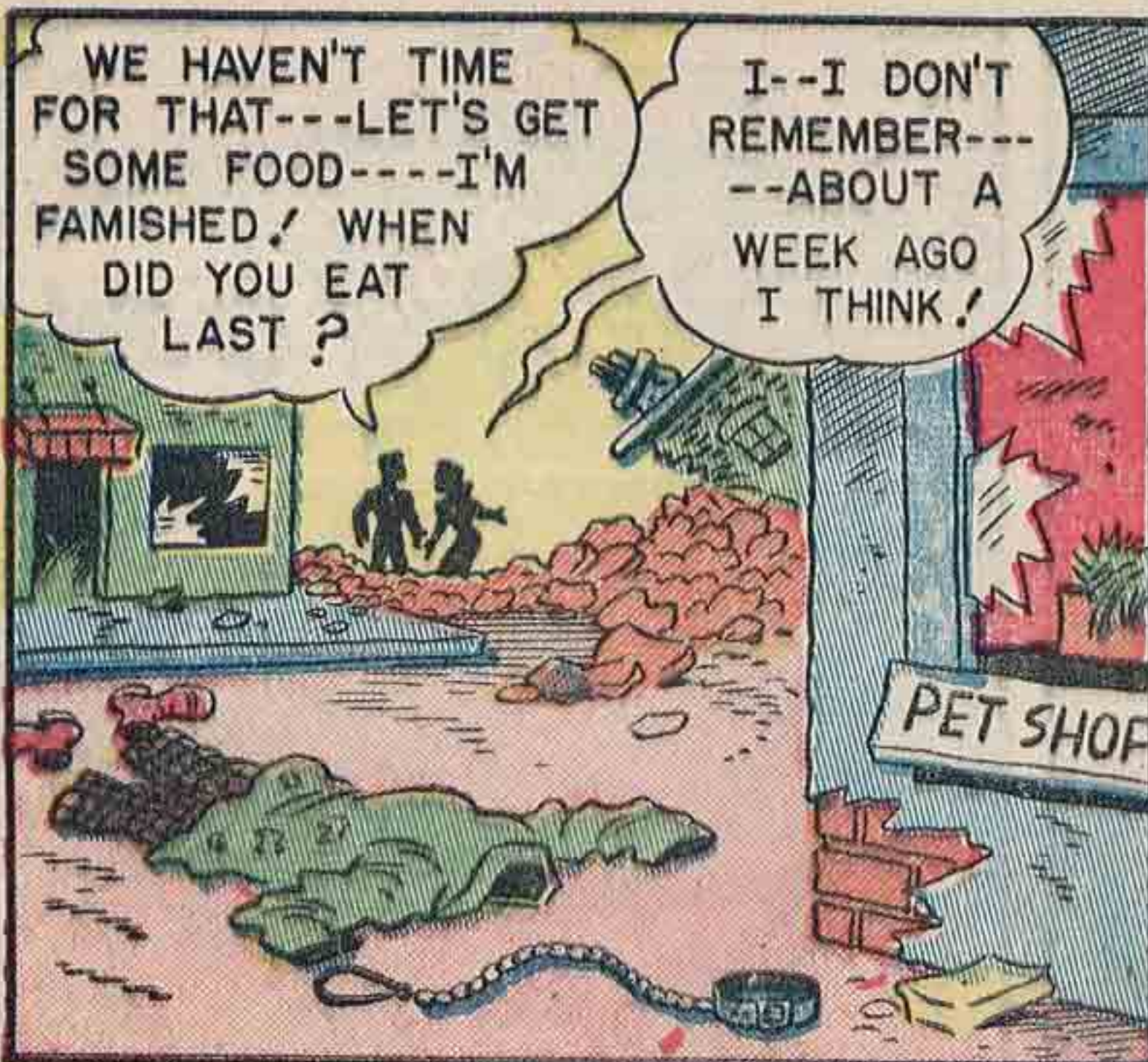
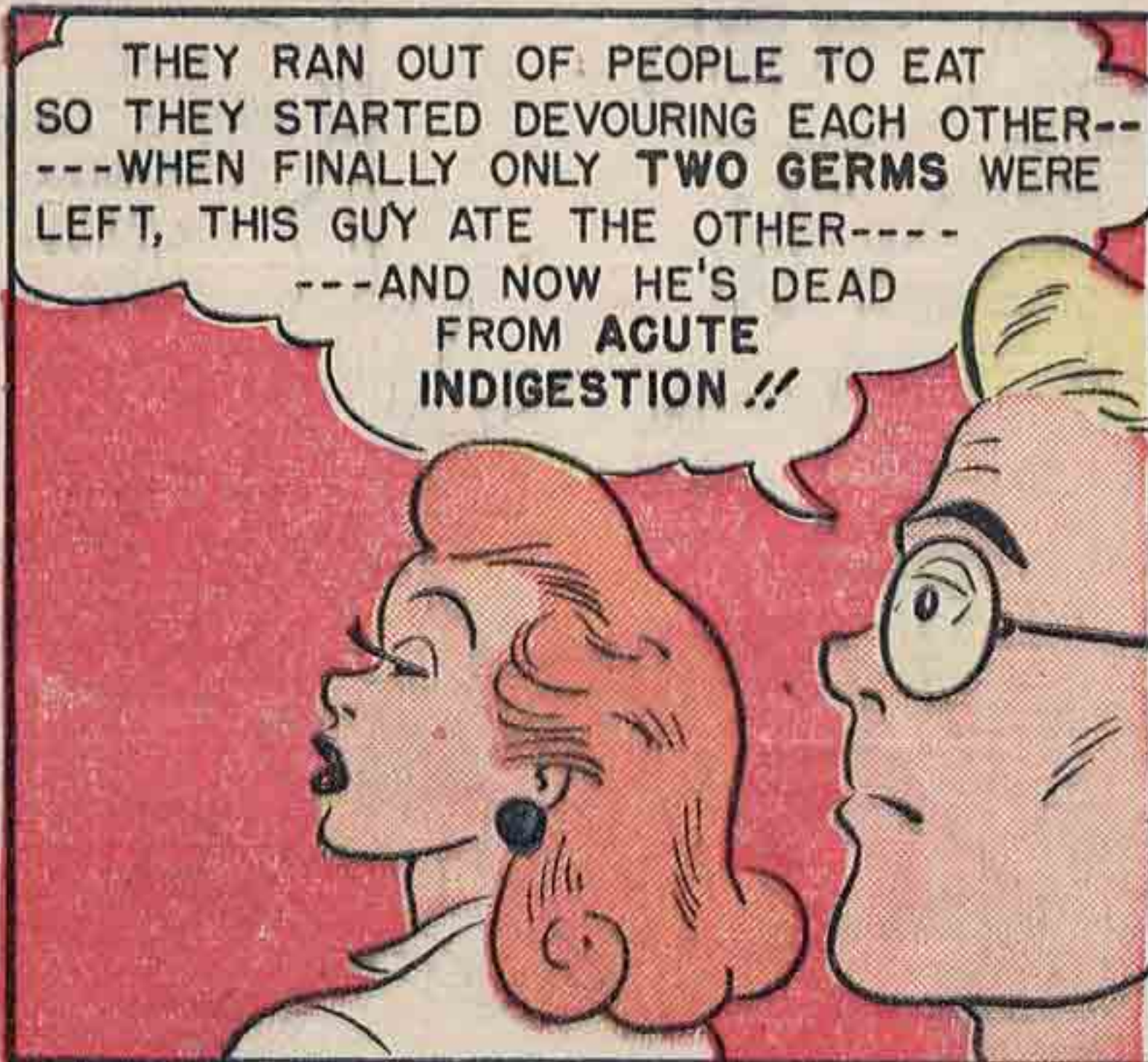
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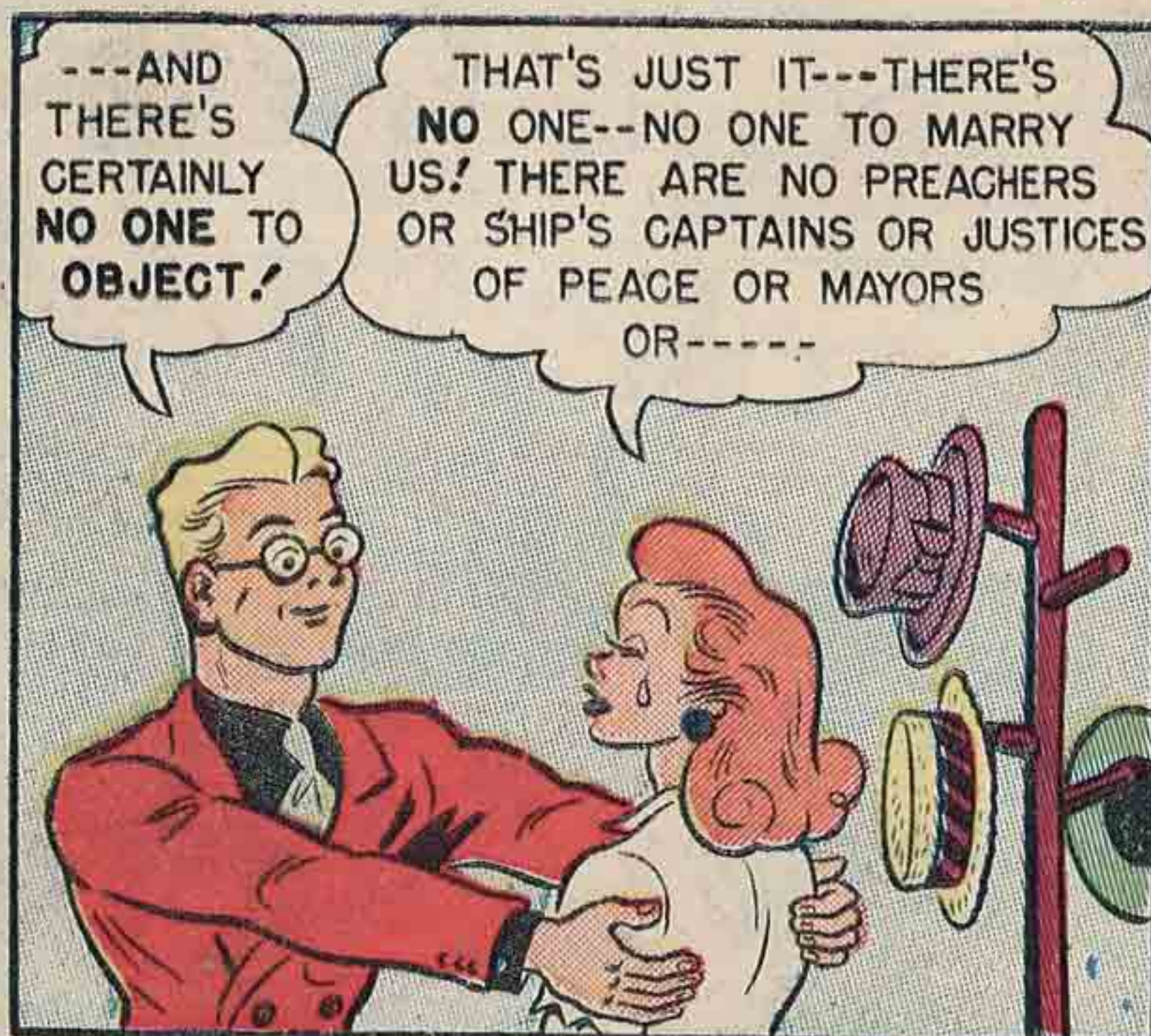
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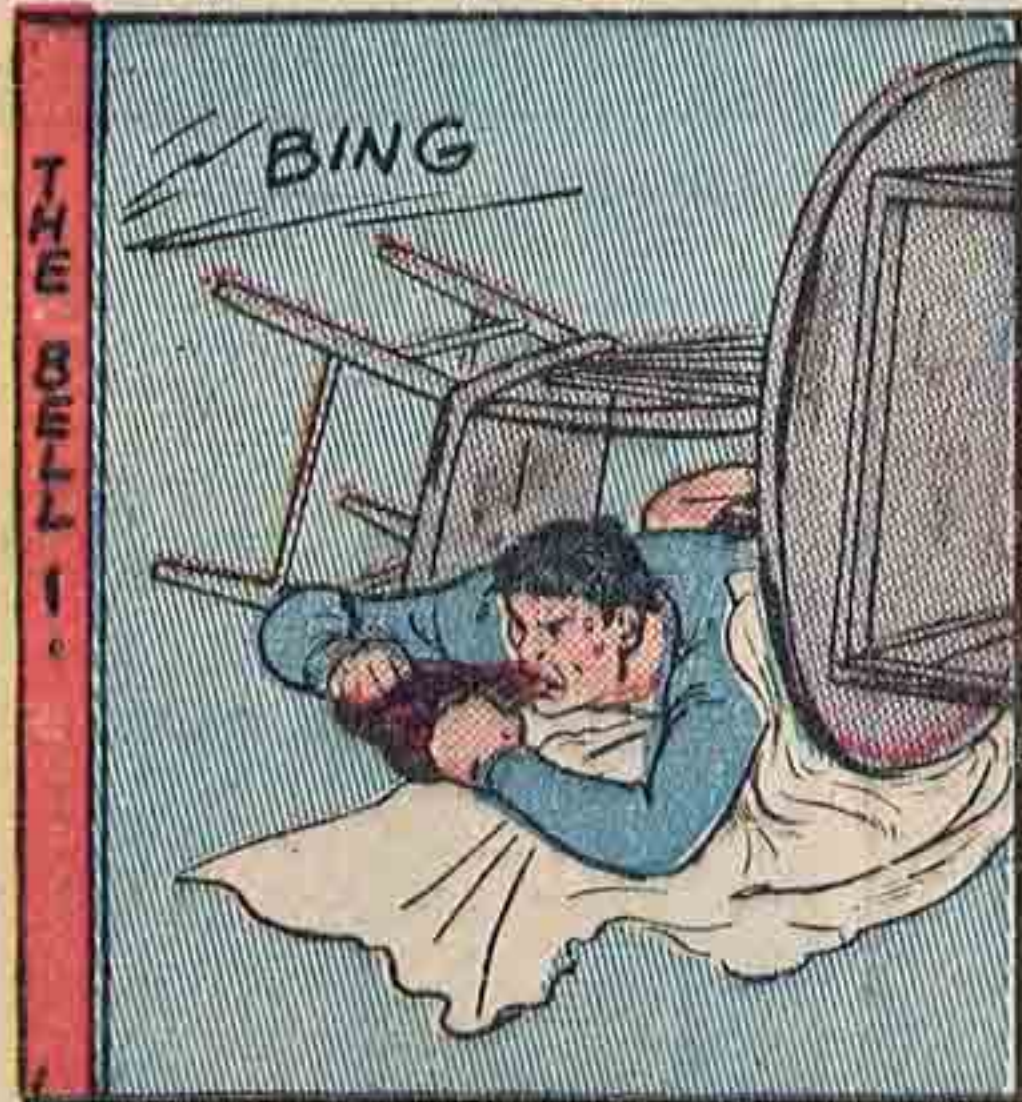
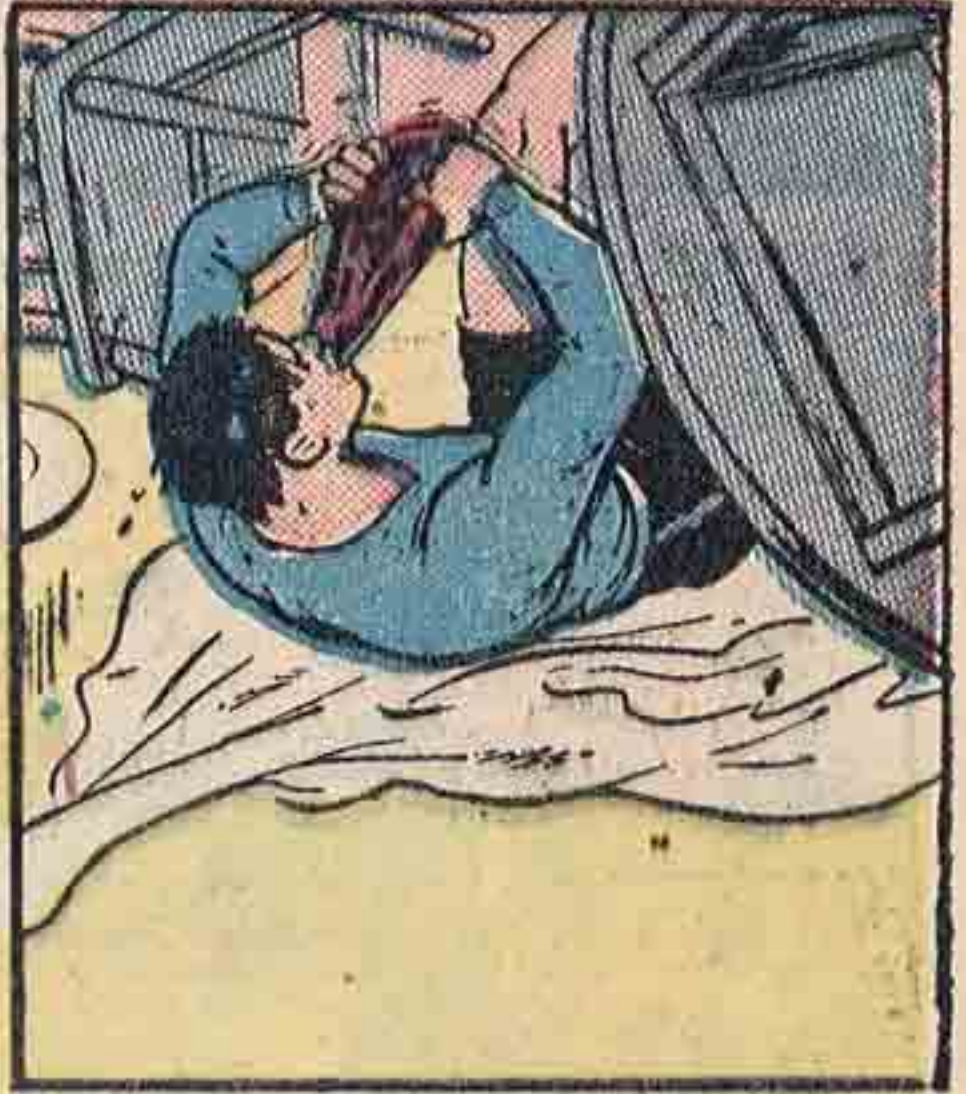
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BIG SHOT

DIXIE DUGAN

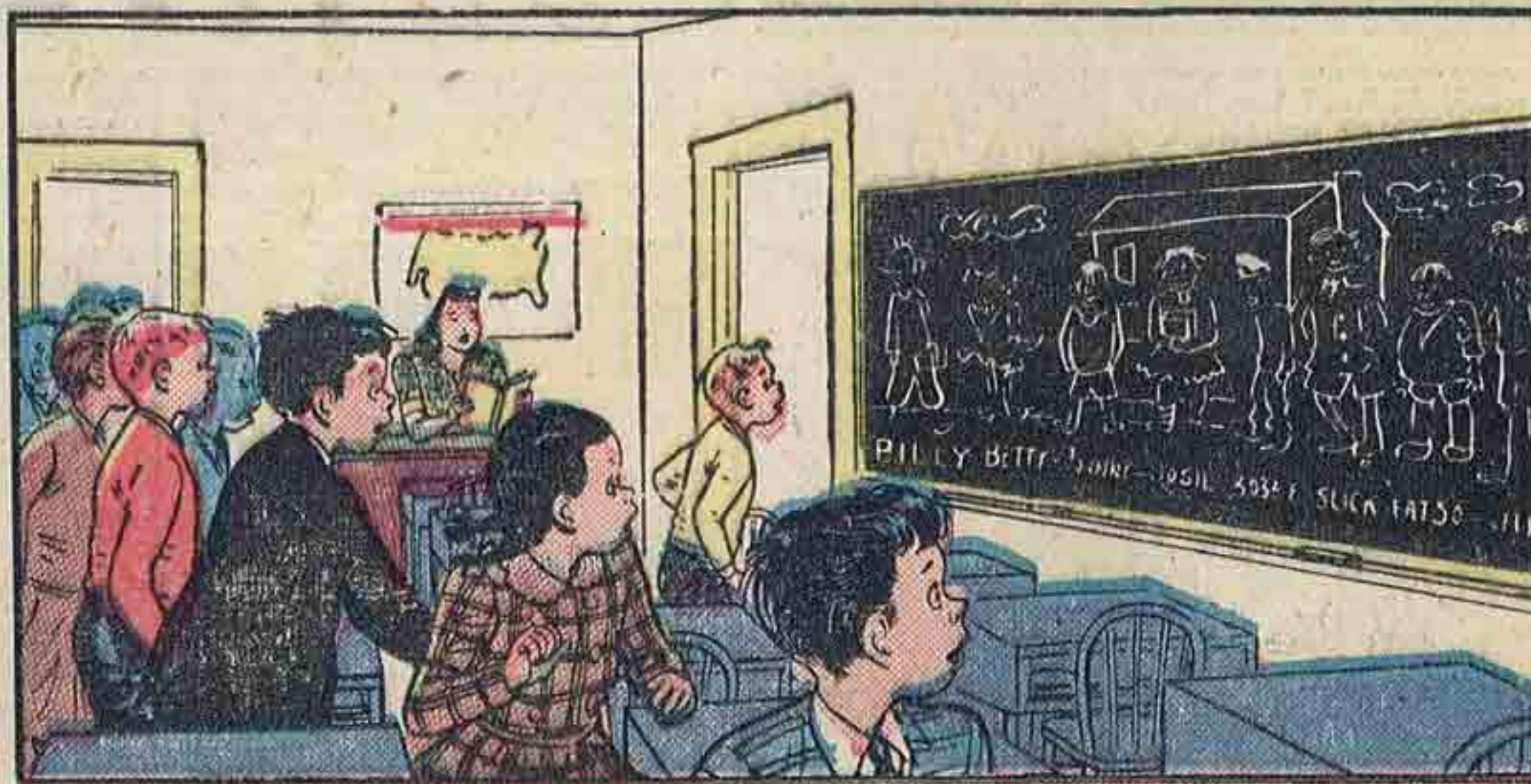
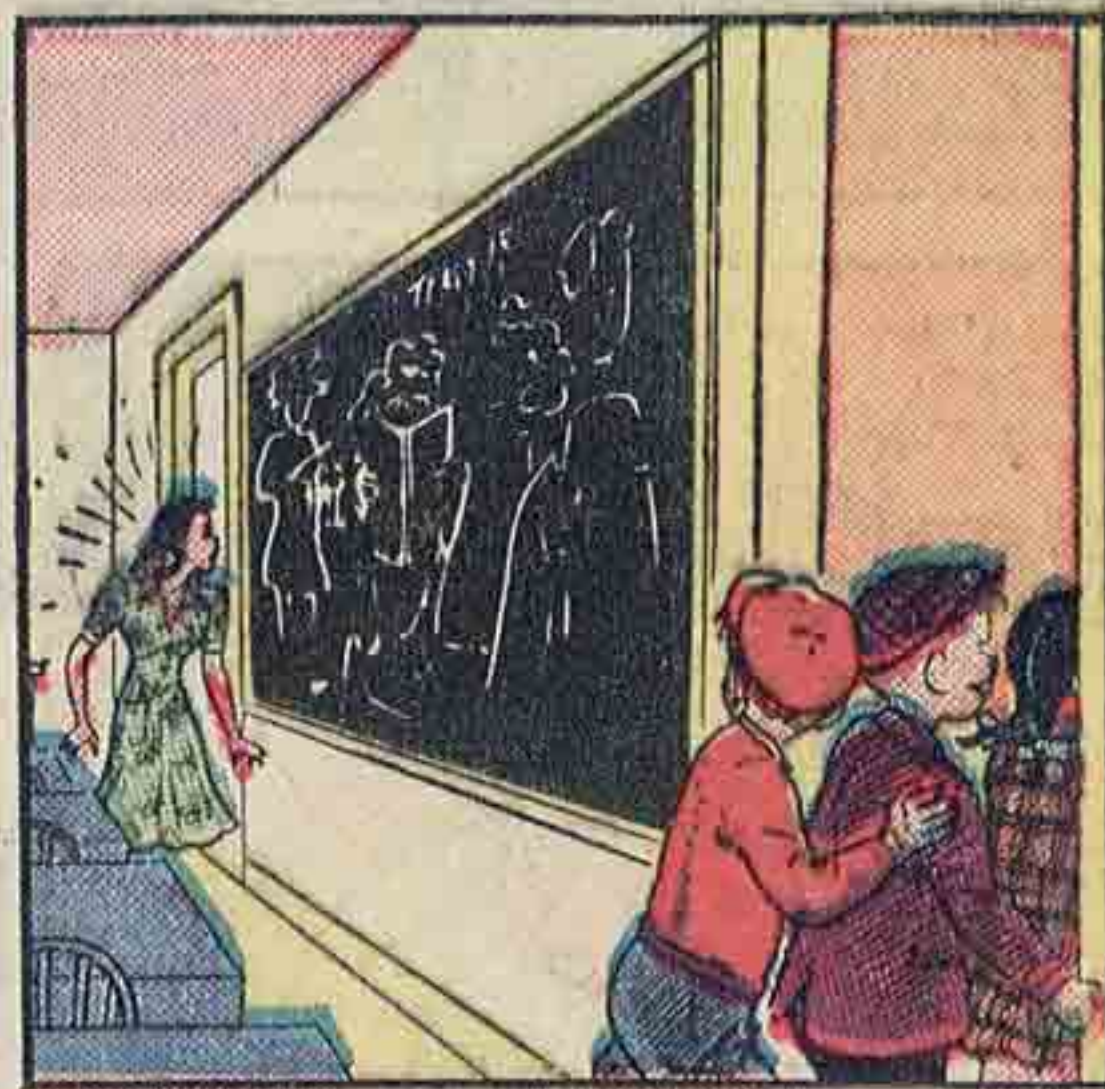
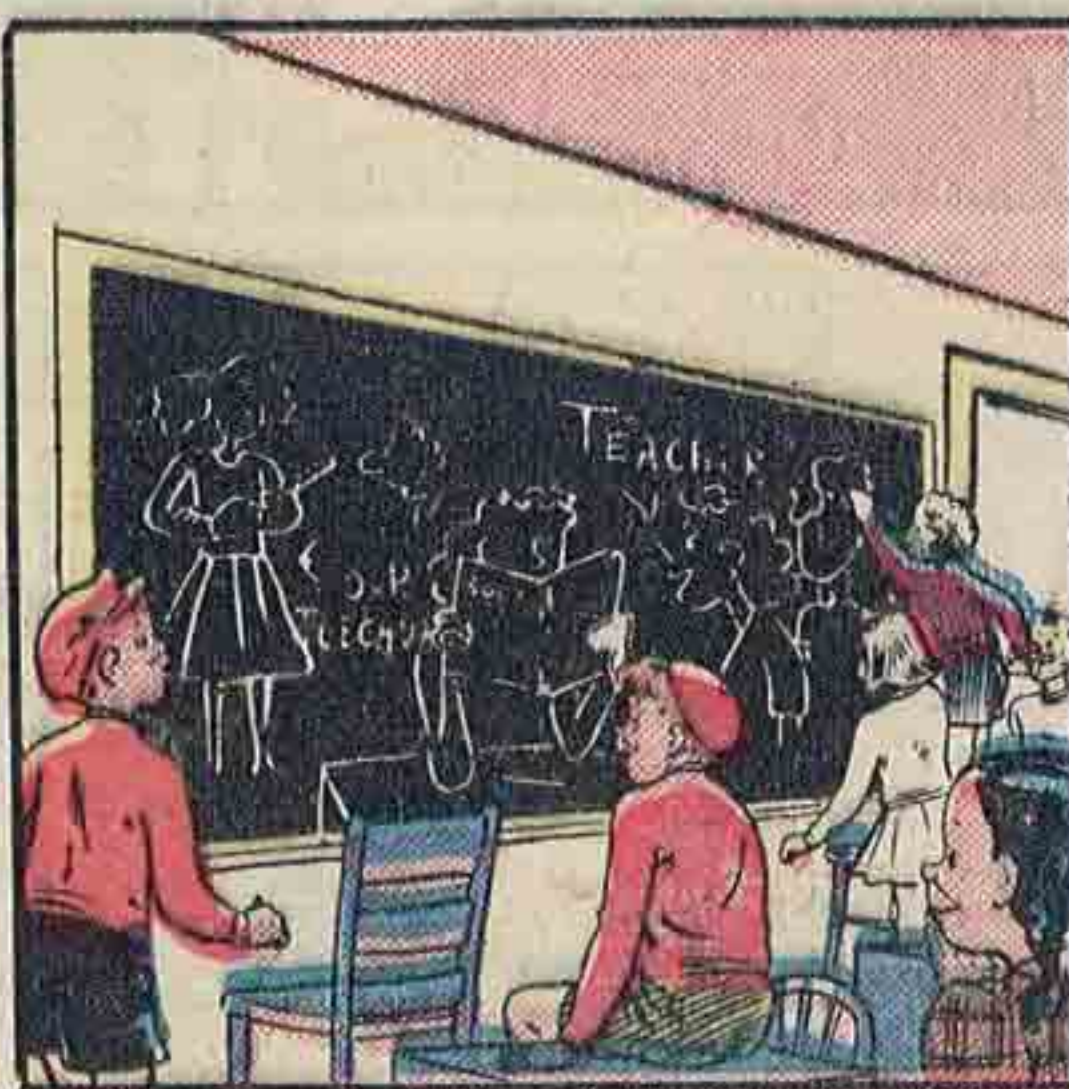


DIXIE DUGAN

By McEVOY and STRIEBEL



BIG SHOT



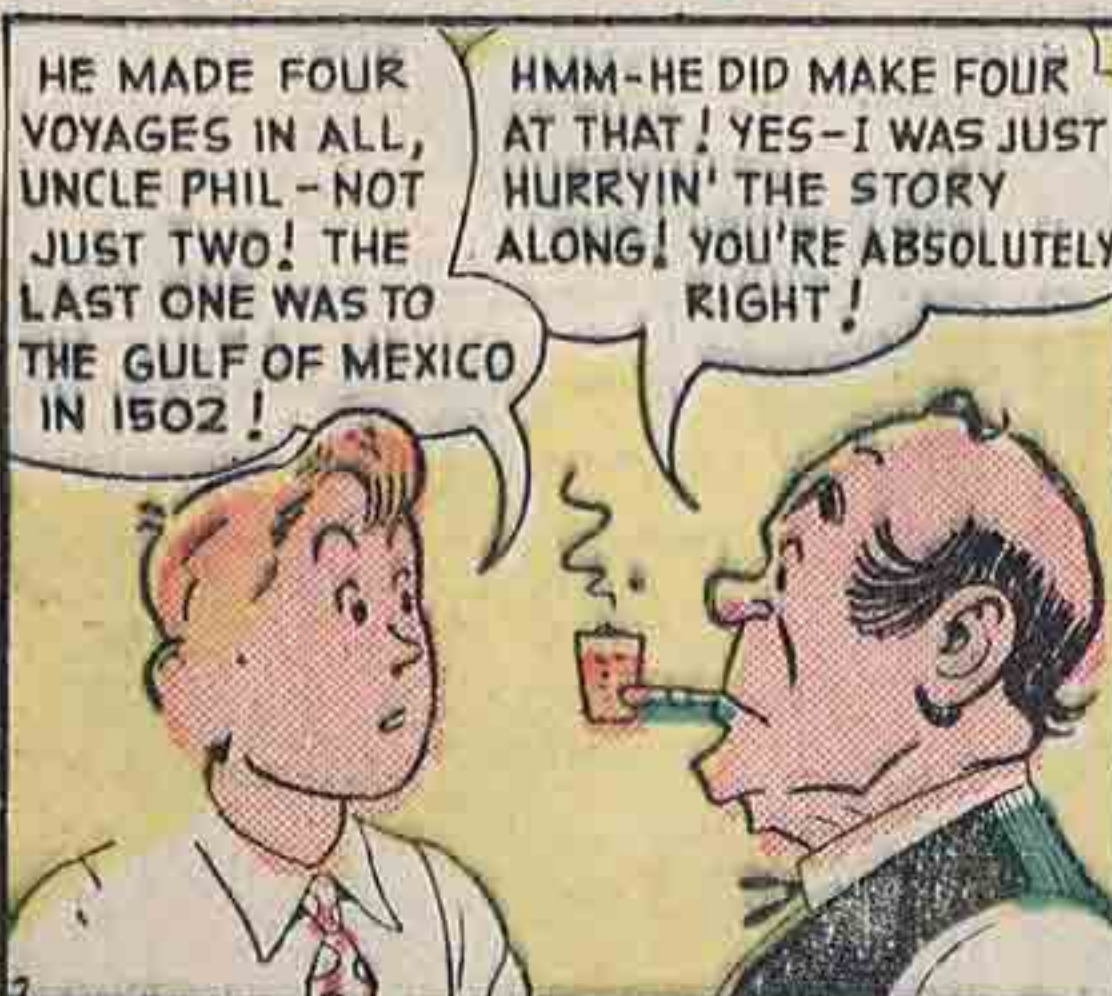
MICKEY FINN

By Lank Leonard



MICKEY FINN

By Lank Leonard



MICKEY FINN

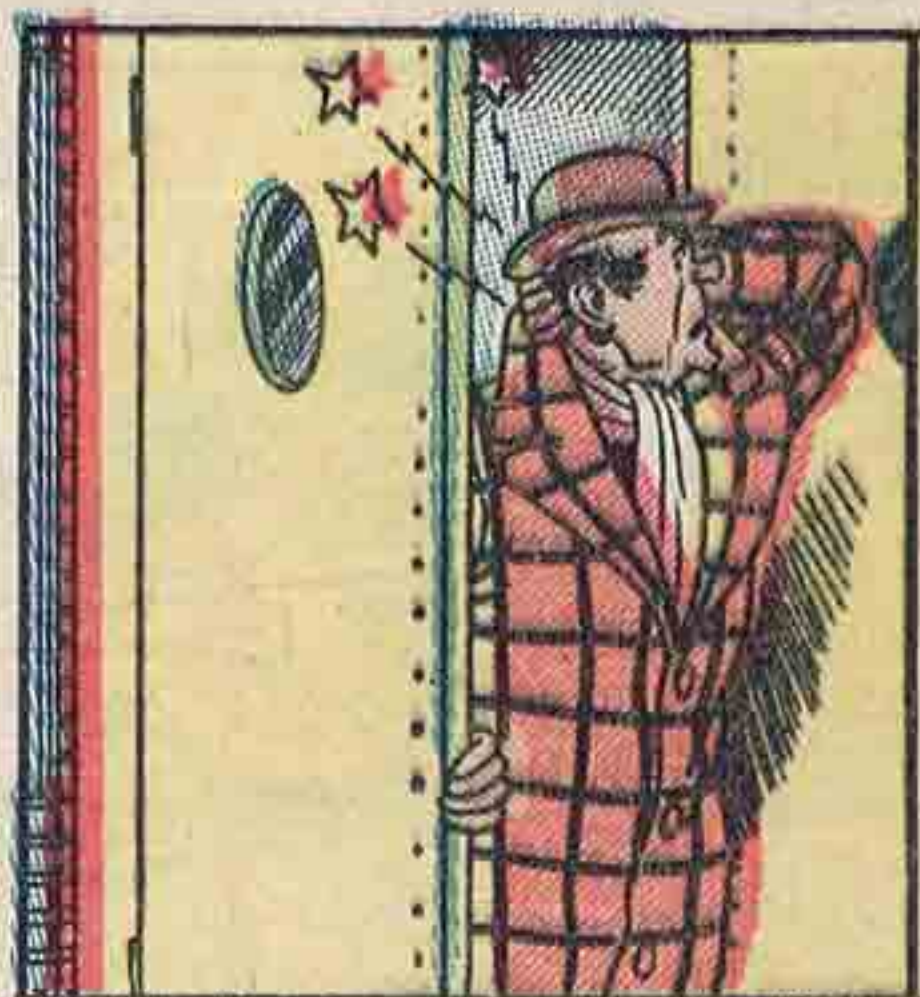
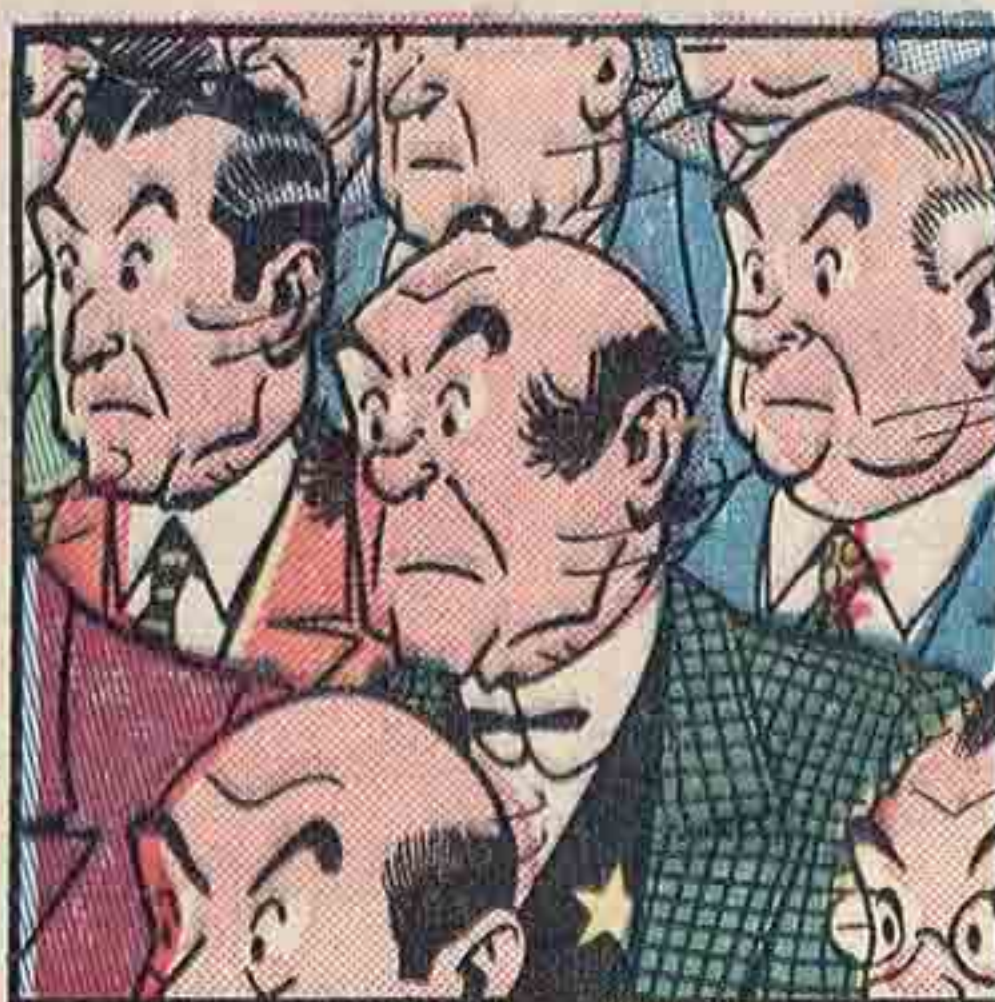
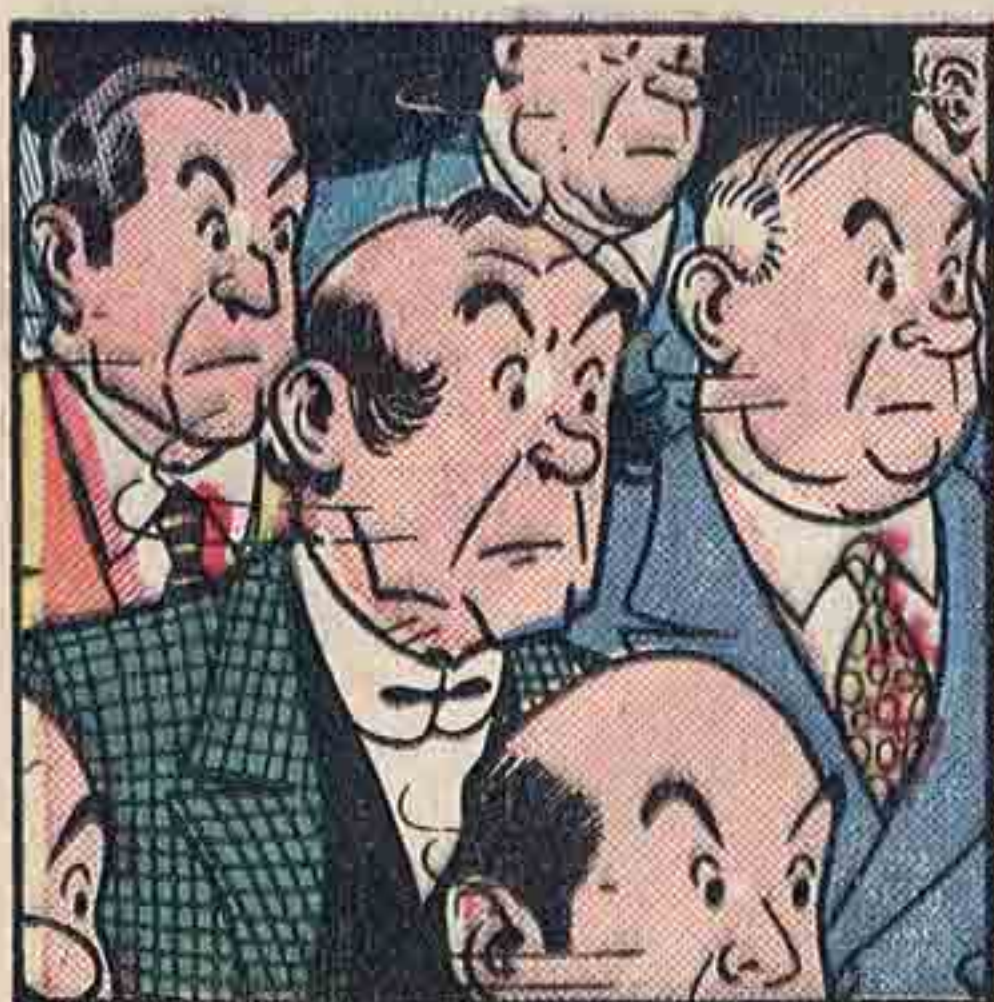
By Lank Leonard

WHERE DID PHIL GO TONIGHT, MICKEY?

DOWN TO THE ARMORY - SOMEBODY GAVE HIM A FREE TICKET TO THE INDOOR TENNIS MATCHES!

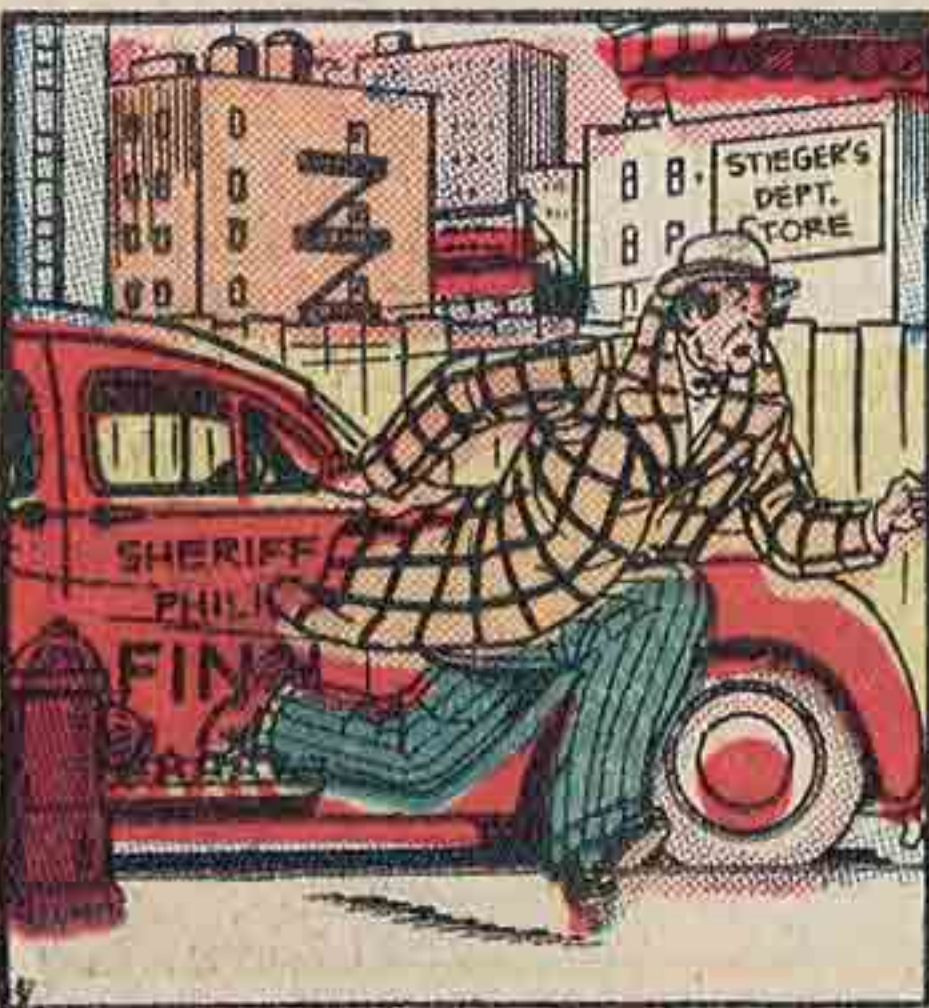
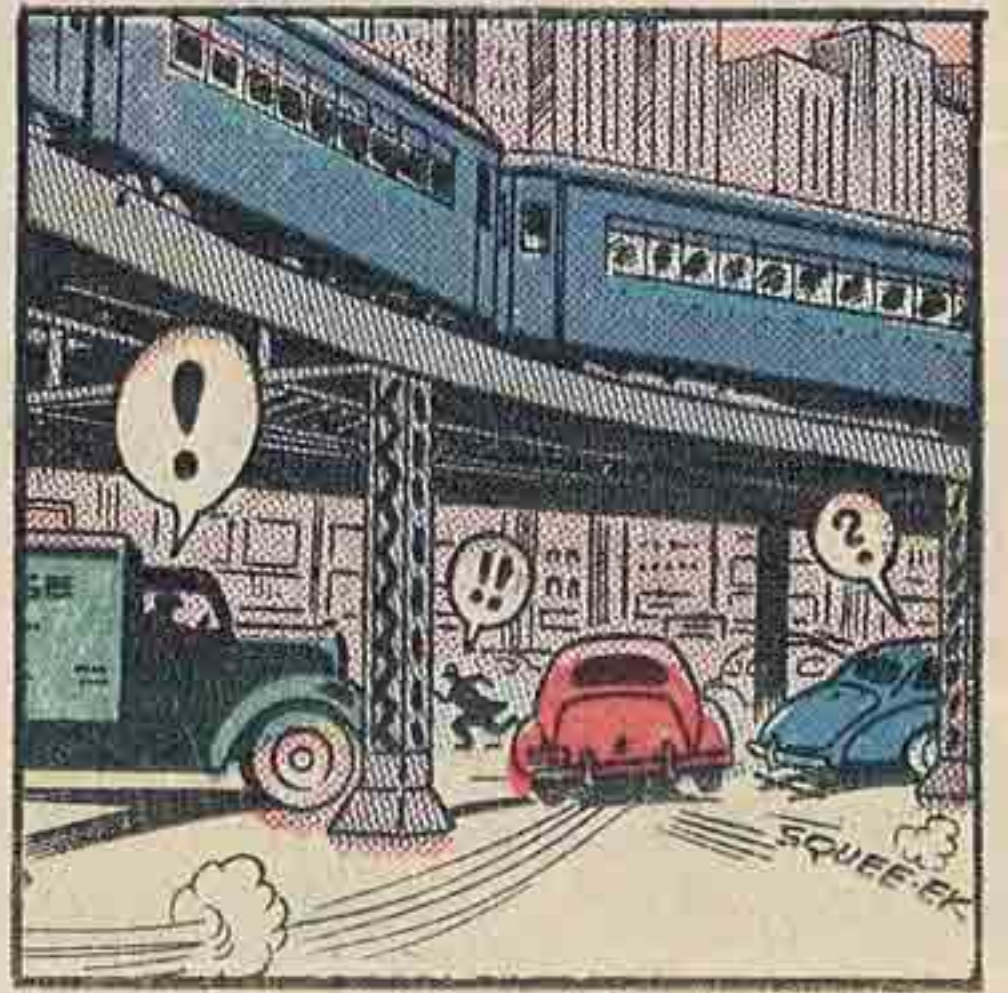
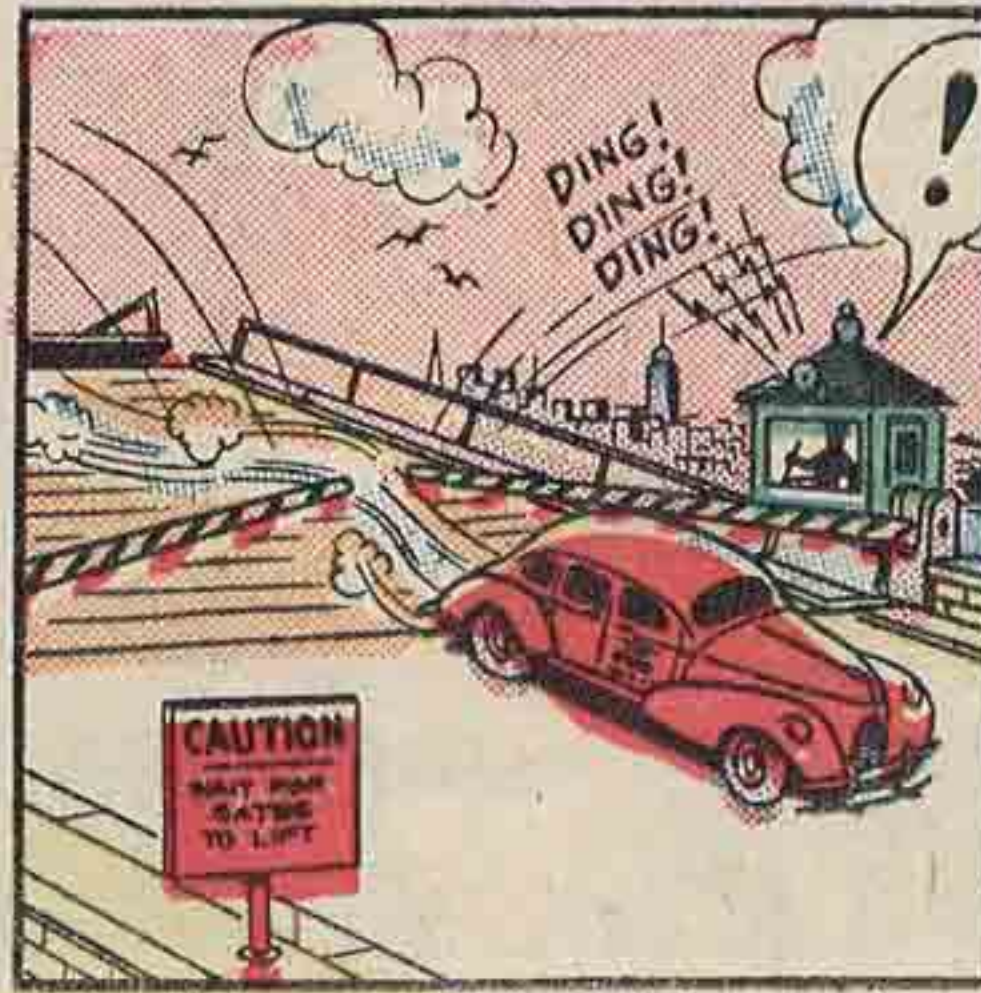
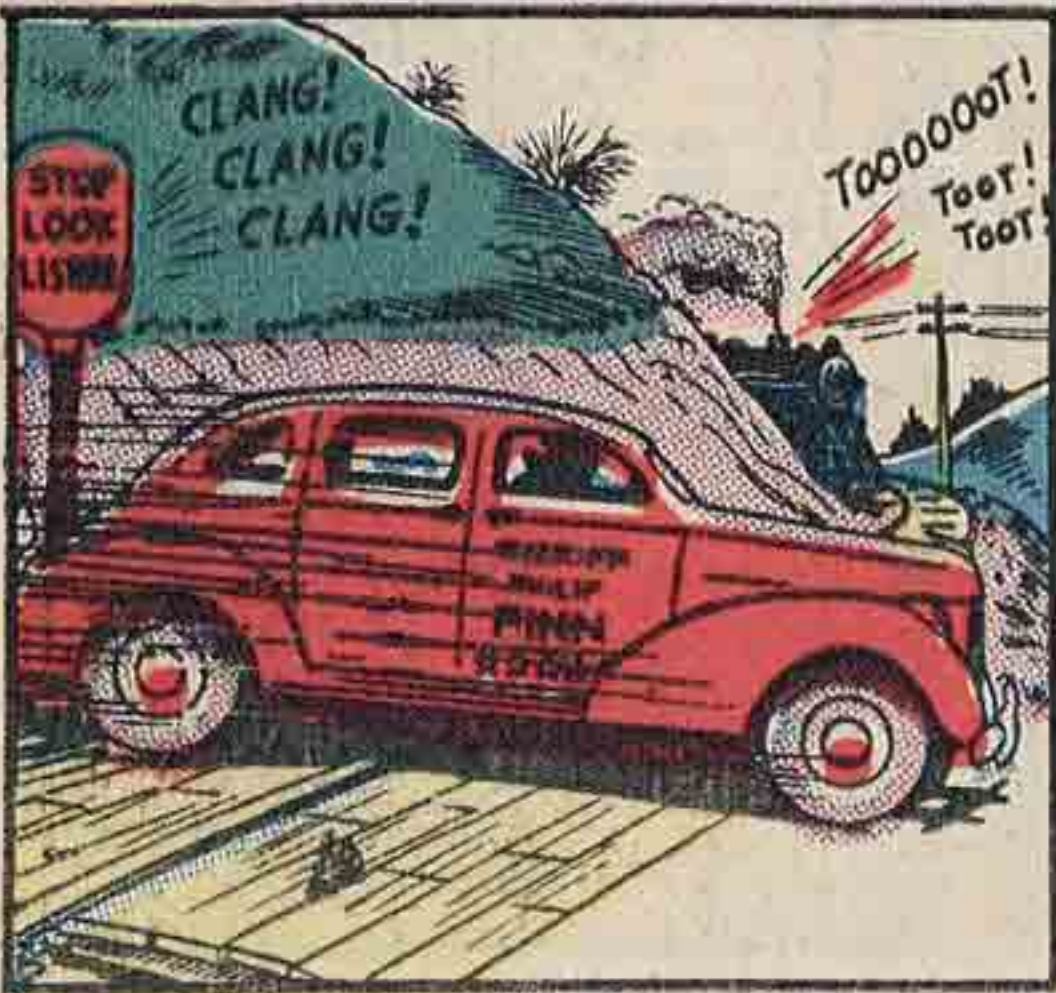
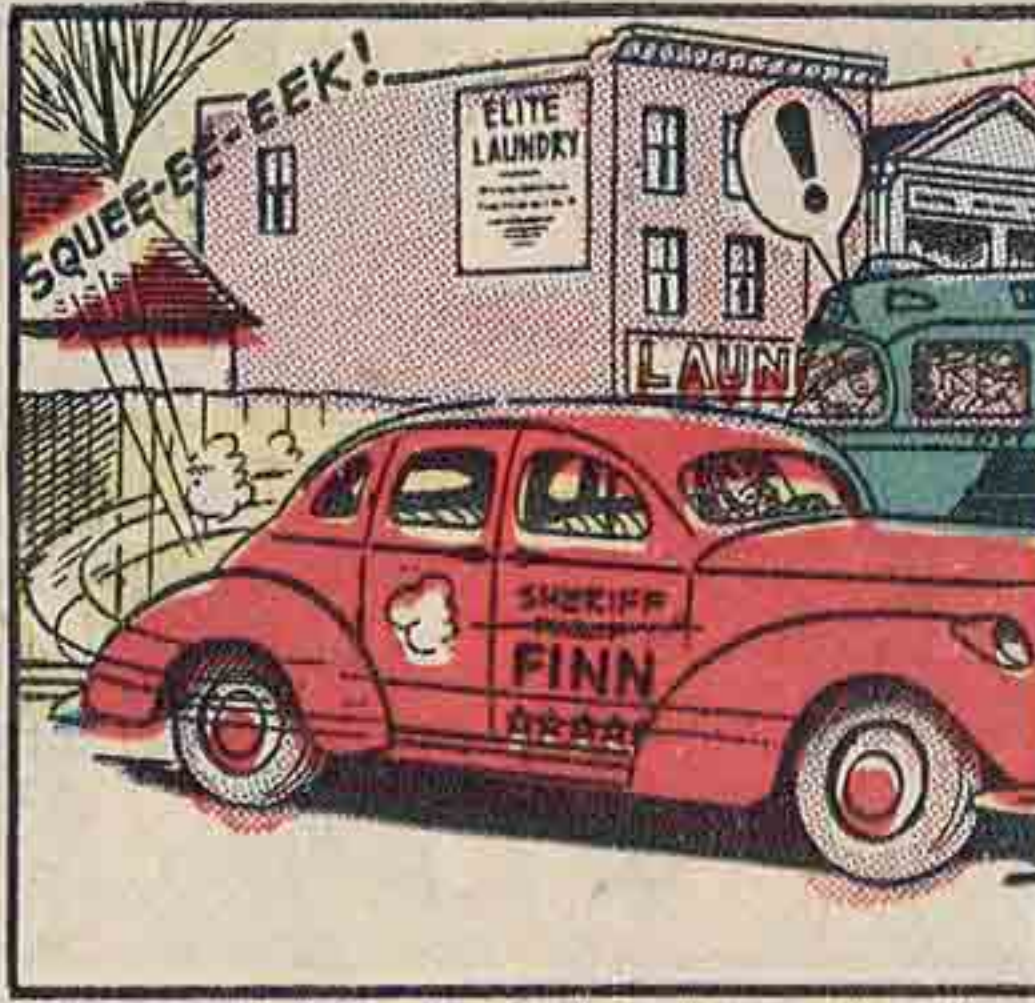
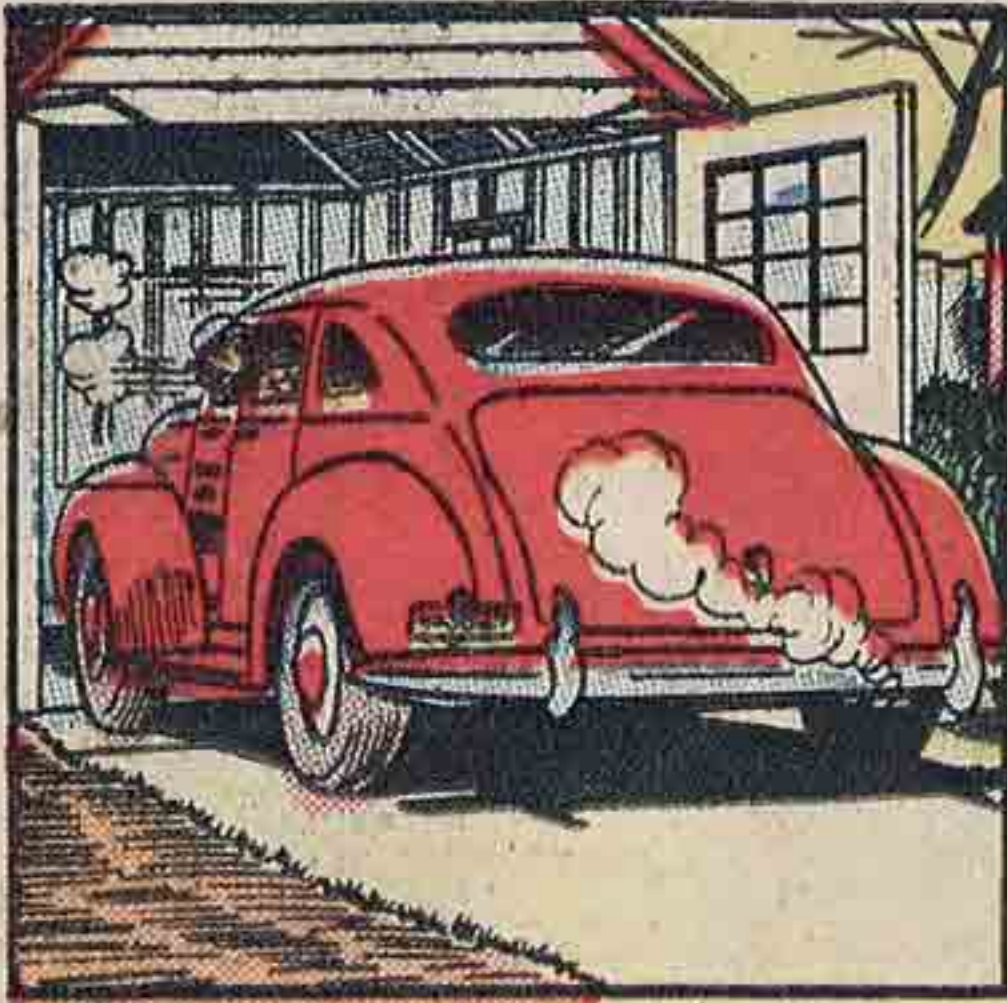
WELL, HE SHOULDN'T GET INTO ANY TROUBLE THERE - TENNIS DRAWS A VERY ARISTOCRATIC CROWD!

YEAH - BUT YOU KNOW HE CAN GET INTO TROUBLE ANYWHERE - SO LET'S KEEP OUR FINGERS CROSSED!



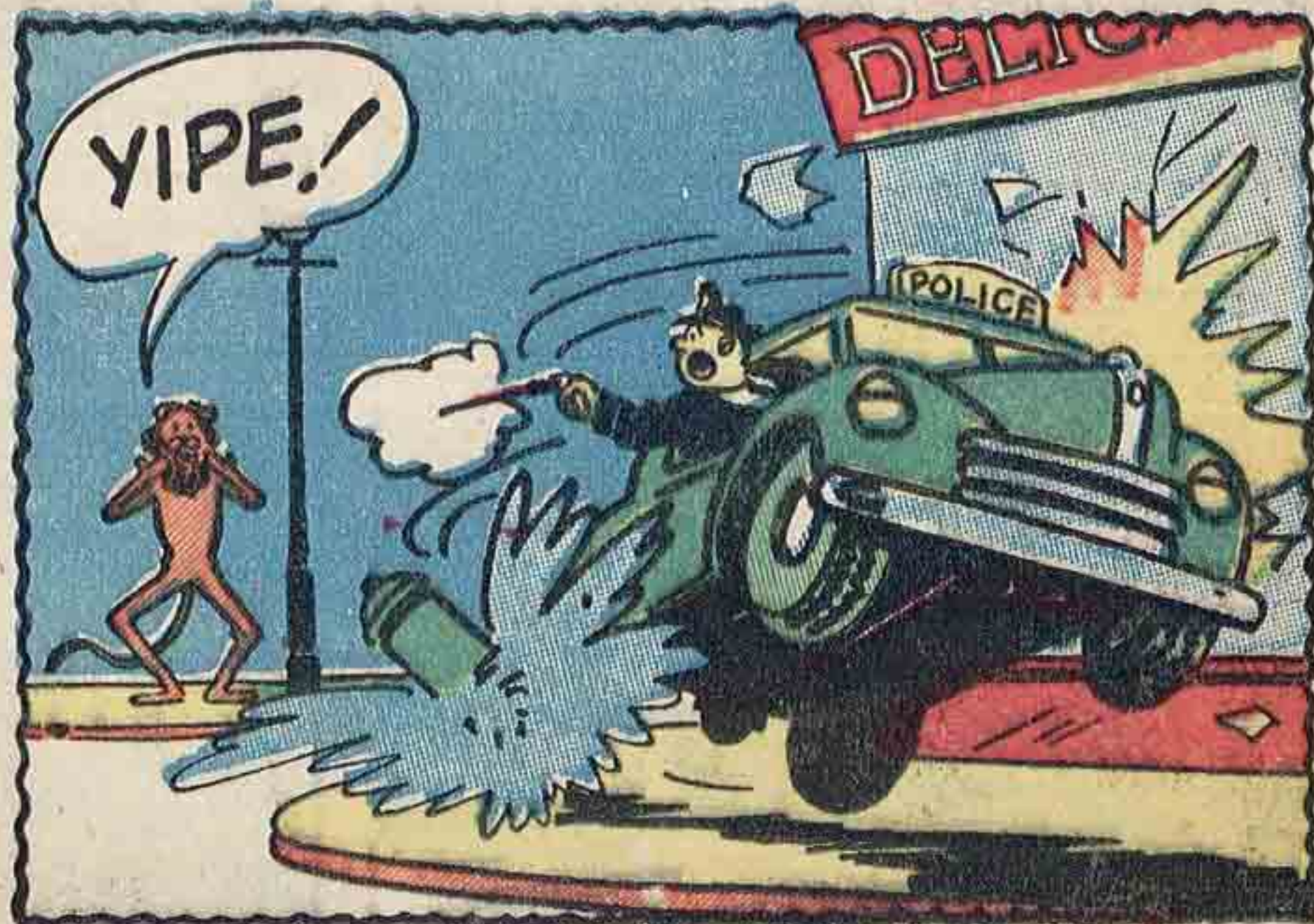
MICKEY FINN

By Lank Leonard



BIG SHOT BRASS KNUCKLES

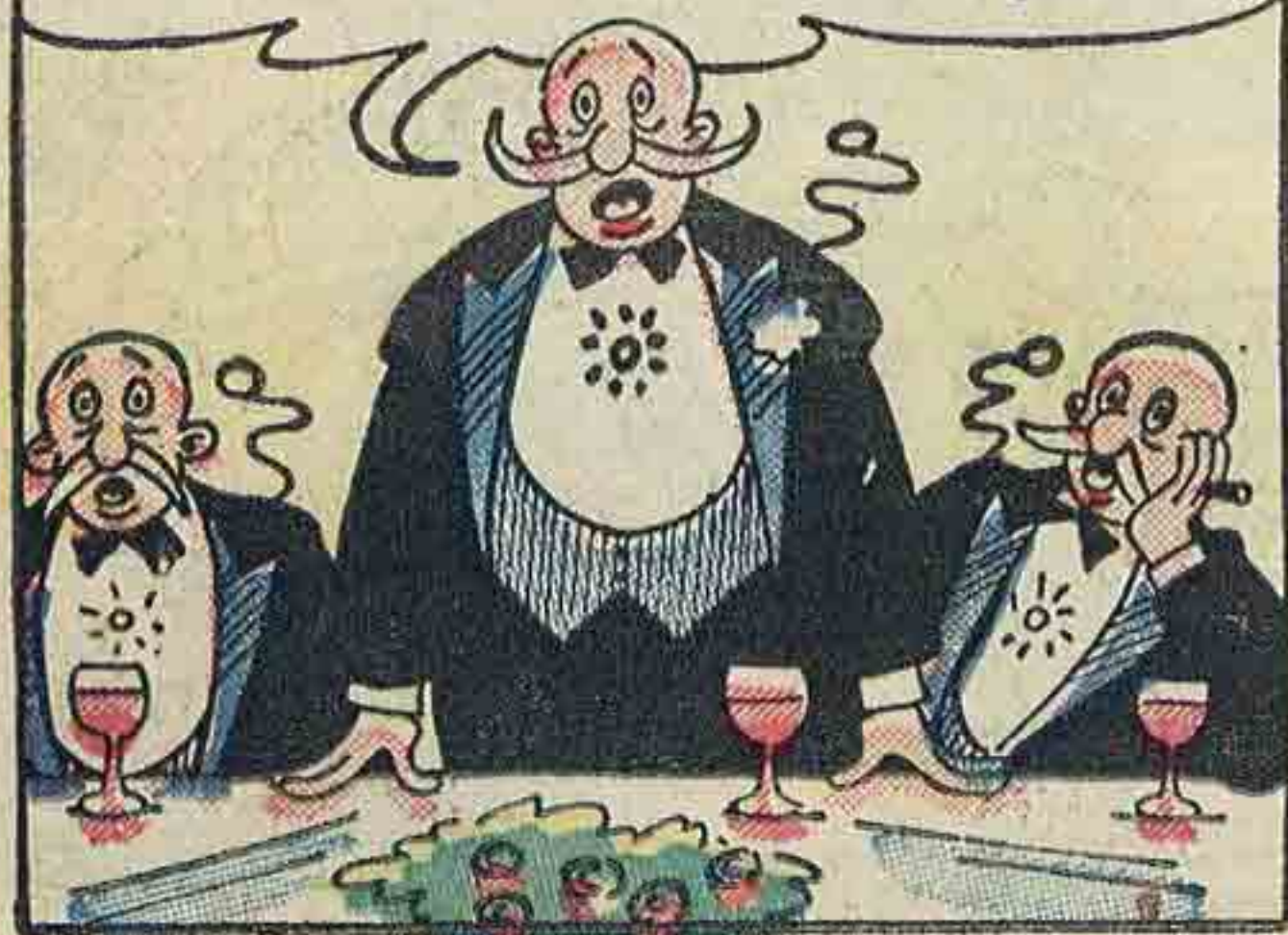
by MARTY
MARION



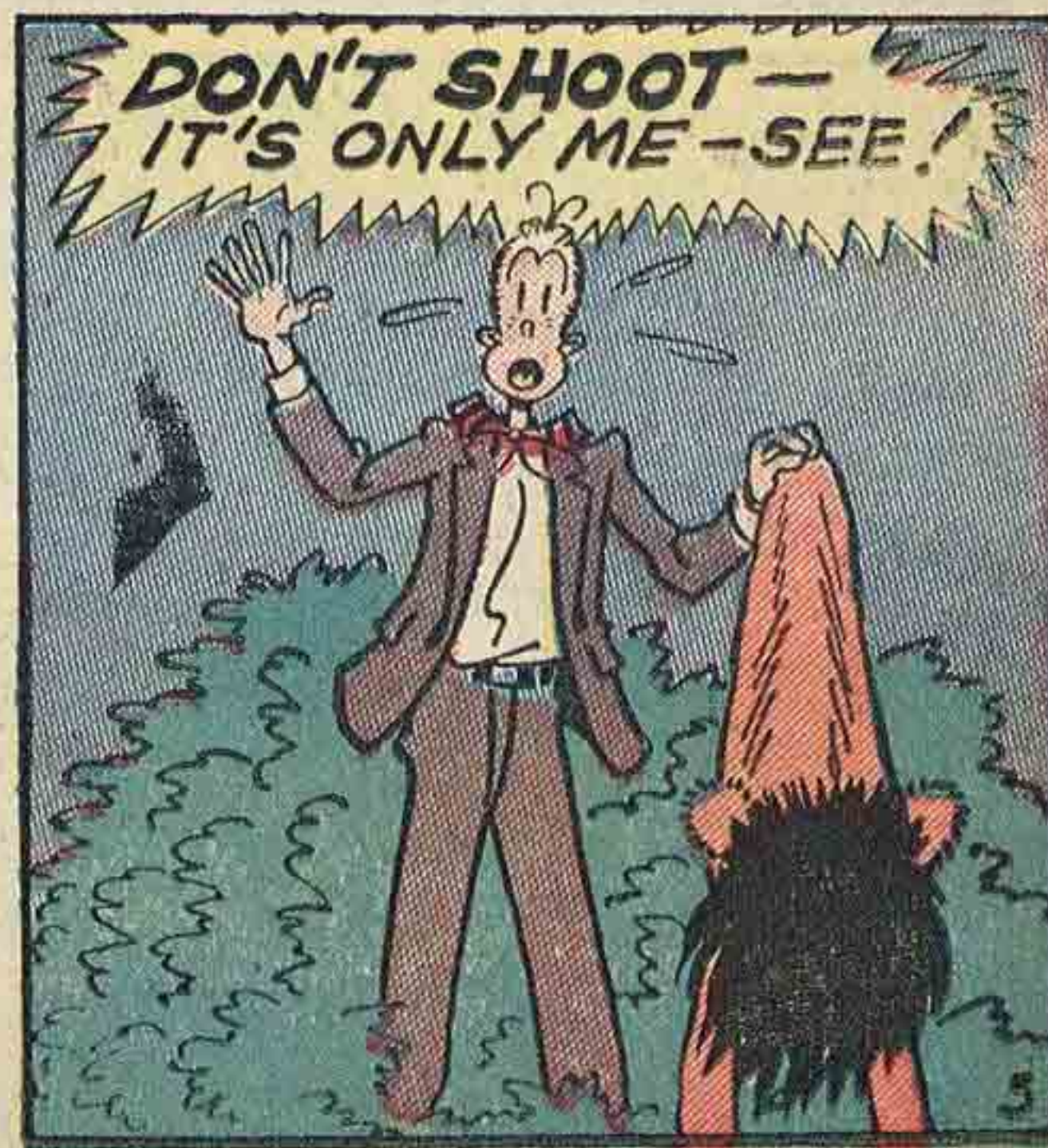
BIG SHOT



...AND THERE I WAS, DEEP IN THE BONGO-BONGO JUNGLE, UNARMED EXCEPT FOR MY CIGARET LIGHTER -FACE TO FACE WITH THE MOST FEROCIOUS, MAN-EATING-**EEEK!**



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



Who's Got the Diamonds?

By MART BAILEY

"NO POLICEMEN," Beatrice said as the limousine turned back towards West Ache Street. "We must settle this ourselves." And as if asking whether he had a light for her cigaret, she inquired politely, "Have you a revolver?"

Frederic Bons, who was playing the part of Jack Beerymore in *The Duke's Study* during the mysterious absence of the Great Profile, gulped. He regretted having mentioned that Jack Beerymore, disguised as both a one-legged seaman and a cloaked man of mystery, had just passed them on the street and when last seen was processioning into a dingy tenement building on West Ache Street. After all, it was to his advantage, since he had been promoted to the starring role, if Jack Beerymore had given up the theater for a life of crime.

"I said have you a revolver?" impatiently demanded the platinum-haired siren.

"Y-yes," stammered Frederic, with a nervous twitch of his delicate moustache. "The thing I use in the third scene of the second act to shoot the man from Scotland Yard. But it's loaded with blanks."

"If the worst happens you can use the butt," said Beatrice with the air of one who knows about such matters. "I always carry this." She opened her purse, revealing a pistol that was nonetheless lethal because it was tiny, pearl-handled, and gold-plated.

Frederic shuddered. Tremors swept over him in icy waves, and he felt his hand grow clammy on the chromium nob of his walking-stick.

ONLY WHEN he and Good Old Bumpy began climbing the dark stairs did Jack Beerymore realize that in dressing as a one-legged seaman, he had chosen the wrong disguise for an expedition which required the utmost secrecy. True, he had effectively concealed his identity, or so he thought. But every time his peg-leg de-

scended upon the linoleumed stairs there issued a sharp rap. He tried letting the stump down gently, with the same result; a racket such as made by twenty industrious carpenters hammered through the otherwise silent hallway.

Matters, however, were much worse than Jack Beerymore could have suspected. Your historian decries the tendency of modern young novelists to fill their works with gloom and despair at \$3.50 per copy, as if Man was a mere brute animal (with \$3.50 in his jeans) being continually pushed into the mud by Blind Chance. But the fact is that Fate seemed to be working overtime to slip in the rabbit-punches on Jack Beerymore.

For his old room in the tenement building, to which he was now going in hope of recovering Beatrice's diamond necklace, was at the moment occupied by Mr. Butsy Ratsoff, the gangster, and his mob.

Moreover, they were using it for an unlawful purpose. Having finally located the bookie who absconded when one of Butsy's hunches regarding a certain hay-burner at Belmont Race Track unexpectedly proved correct, Butsy had kidnapped him and were demanding a ransom of fifteen thousand three hundred and forty-nine dollars and thirty-four cents. So far, it was evident that the victim's friends and relatives did not think him worth that much. And Butsy was riled. Though small in stature, the bookie had the proportions and the appetite of a baby hippopotamus, and seemed likely to eat up all Butsy's winnings before he could collect them.

There was one bright spot in the situation for Butsy, and this was the reason why he had chosen that particular room for his headquarters. The girl whom he had met in the hall on the night of the kidnapping was lodged in a room only three doors away. Already he called her Cynthia, and knew that she had left a little

BIG SHOT

up-state farm in search of her sister who had forgotten to write home for two years.

Butsy, it seems, had his softer side, though it was not apparent now as he sat on the only chair in the room and moodily cleaned his .44 automatic pistol.

REACHING the top landing, with Good Old Bumpy panting behind him, Jack Beerymore hobbled along the dimly lighted hall to the door of his old room.

There was a dubious expression on Good Old Bumpy's face. He feared that his companion was overlooking something important, but it was too late to mention the slit of light under the door. Jack had already inserted the key into the lock.

The door swung in, and they found themselves staring at a scene that might have been posed for the cover of one of those crime magazines. Upon hearing the key in the lock, Butsy and his boys had naturally inferred they were being visited by the police or some of their business competitors; accordingly, they were split on the fine point of etiquette, what to do with their assorted blackjacks and firearms? One, the gangling ape, preferred to hide them under the mattress. Another, the little baboon, went whole hog and decided to hide both himself and the tools of his trade under the bed. Butsy, on the other hand, was prepared to sell his life dearly, and stood frigid in the center of the room, gripping the big 44 pistol with the cleaning rag drooping from its muzzle.

"Parrdooon, m'sieur," Good Old Bumpy whined through his red beard. "This, si vous plais, sailor—he tell me he leave in theez room something of value which he desire to sell me."

"Yeah?" Butsy Ratsoff sneered grimly.

All eyes centered on Jack Beerymore, waiting for him to pick up the cue. Only the certainty that his disguise as a one-legged whaling sailor was perfect enabled him to assume a salty nonchalance.

"That be it, mates," he told them.

His knowledge of nautical behavior being limited to a boyhood reading of *Moby Dick* and his performance in that eighteenth century thriller, *The Tidewater Terror* (from which he had borrowed the seaman's costume), Jack felt that at this point in the conversation he ought

to eject a stream of tobacco juice on the floor. He feared, however, that Butsy Ratsoff might regard such an act as not only unsanitary, but also unfriendly. Anyway, he didn't have any tobacco juice.

"What was this something of value?" demanded Butsy.

The question struck Jack speechless. You just don't tell a thug like Butsy Ratsoff that you're looking for a diamond necklace in his bureau drawer. Not if you want to get the diamond necklace.

"A cheap, imitation crystal necklace," answered Good Old Bumpy.

"When did you leave it here?"

"The last time me ship was in port," replied the one-legged seaman.

"When was that?"

"Three days—no, three months ago, as the crow flies."

Butsy grunted. "Where did you leave it?"

"In the bureau drawer."

"It ain't there now," said Butsy Ratsoff.

"Perhaps m'sieur has not looked in zee right place," suggested Good Old Bumpy. "Would m'sieur be so kind to let us look?"

The little gangster scratched the back of his stubby head with the .44 automatic pistol. "Mmm. . . well, don't be long about it." He stepped aside to let them pass, revealing the bookie trussed up in a corner of the room. They pretended not to notice.

Butsy moved to shut the door, but halted as light footsteps sounded on the upper landing. We, who have heard them in a previous chapter, recognize them as quickly as the little ganglord. But we doubt if our eyes brighten with the same joy that leaped into the eyes of Butsy Ratsoff as he heard Cynthia's footstep.

He slipped quietly from the room, trembling with sheer joy and hoping that his bodyguards, the gangling ape and the baboon, hadn't noticed. They had an irritating sense of humor where his tender emotions were concerned.

Besides, Cynthia might be wearing the necklace. And the boys might wonder why he hadn't thought to tell them about finding it in the bureau drawer.

BIG SHOT

SKYMAN

By *Orson Welles*

GET SET TO JUMP, DIAMOND--
I'VE GOT 'ER ROLLING RIGHT
FOR THAT LAMP POST!

ALONG A BUSTLING MID-TOWN STREET, A CAREFULLY
CONCEIVED CRIME GETS GEARED FOR ACTION--- A
CRIME, SO PERFECT, THAT THE WORK OF ITS
LONE WITNESS WENT UNHEEDED--UNTIL SKYMAN
STEPPED INTO THE SCENE....

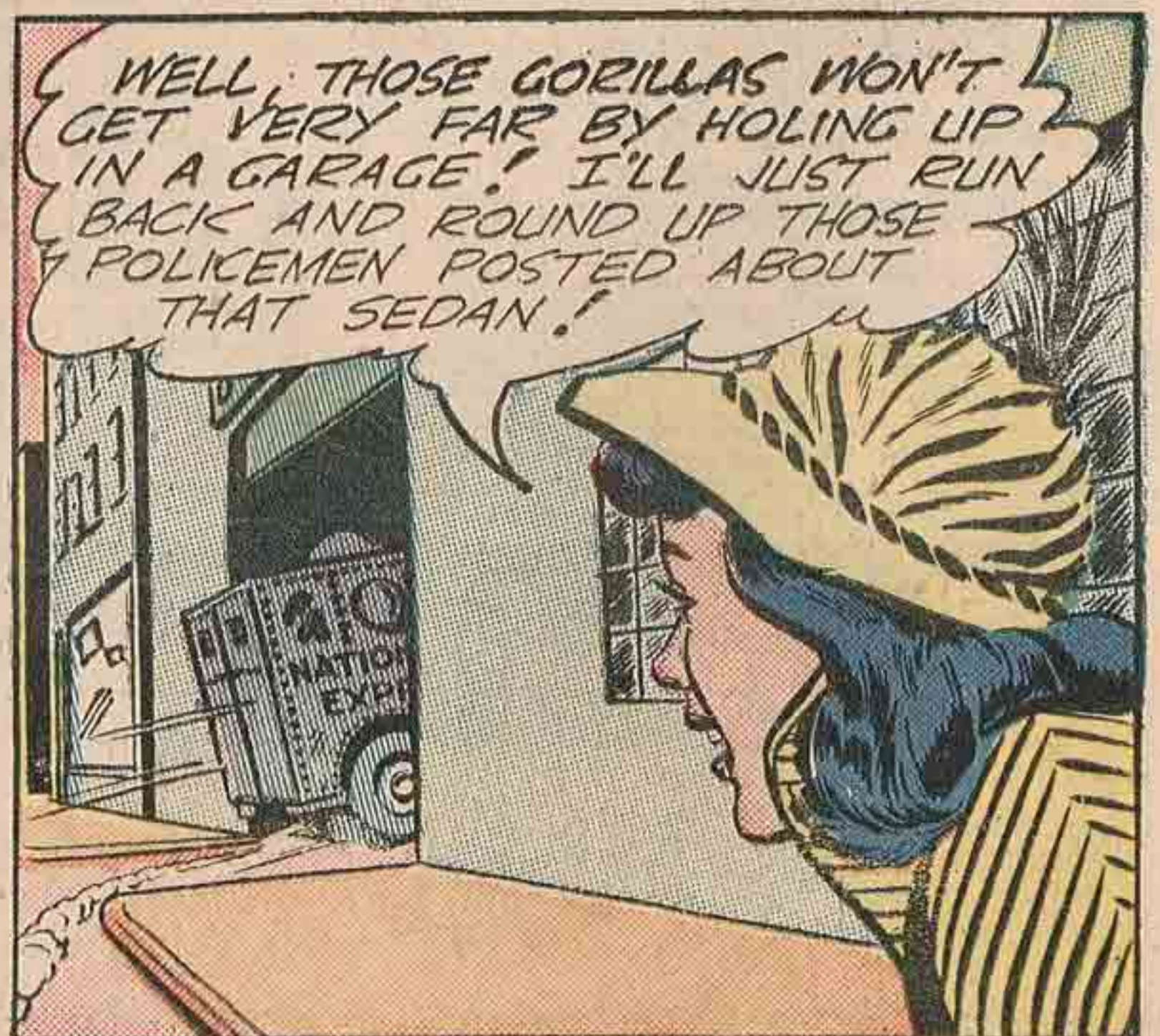
WATCH TH' MOB GATHER
ONCE THAT GAS SOAKED
SEDAN STARTS SMOKIN'!

WH--?

EEEEEEEEEE

CRASH

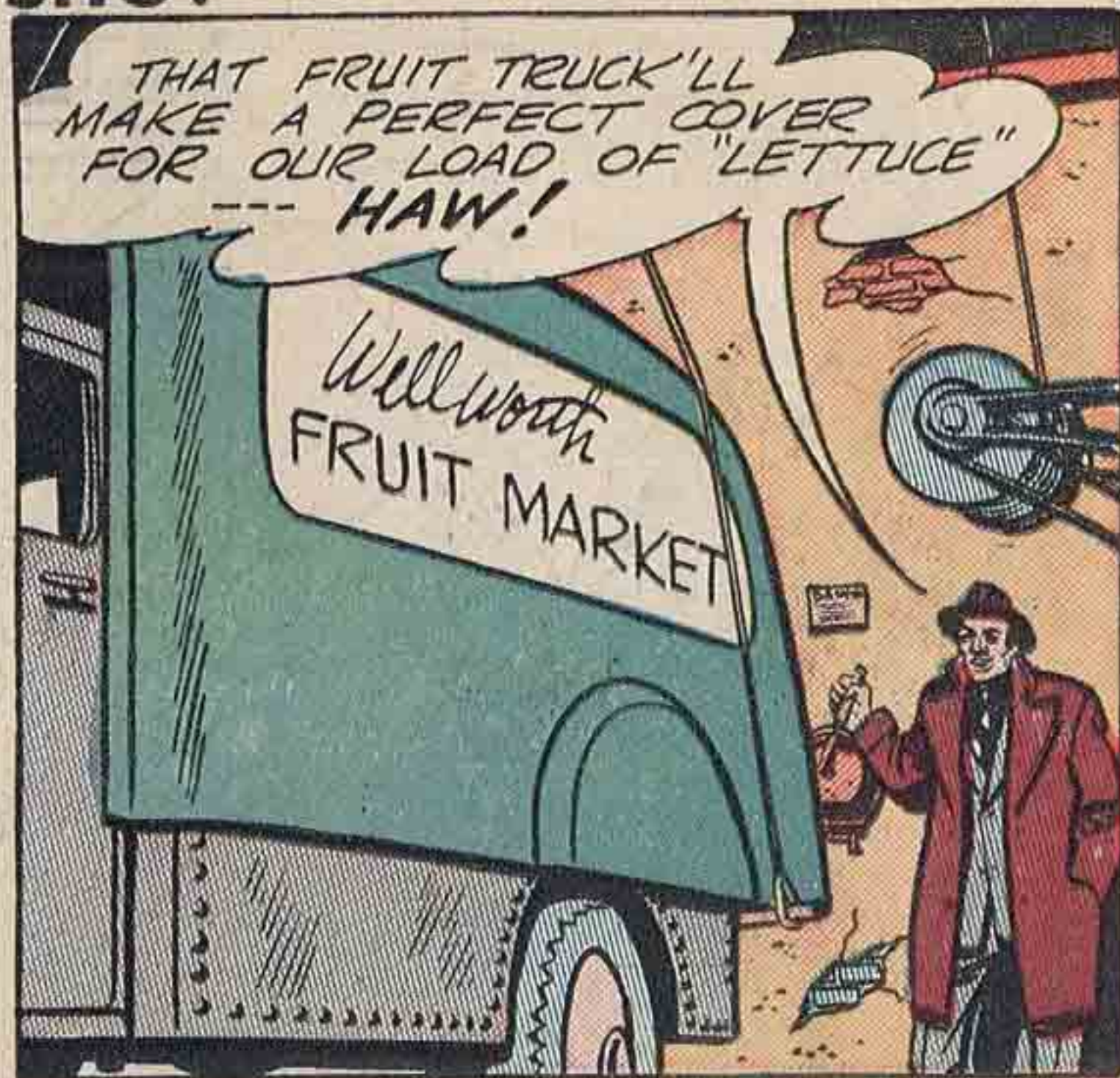
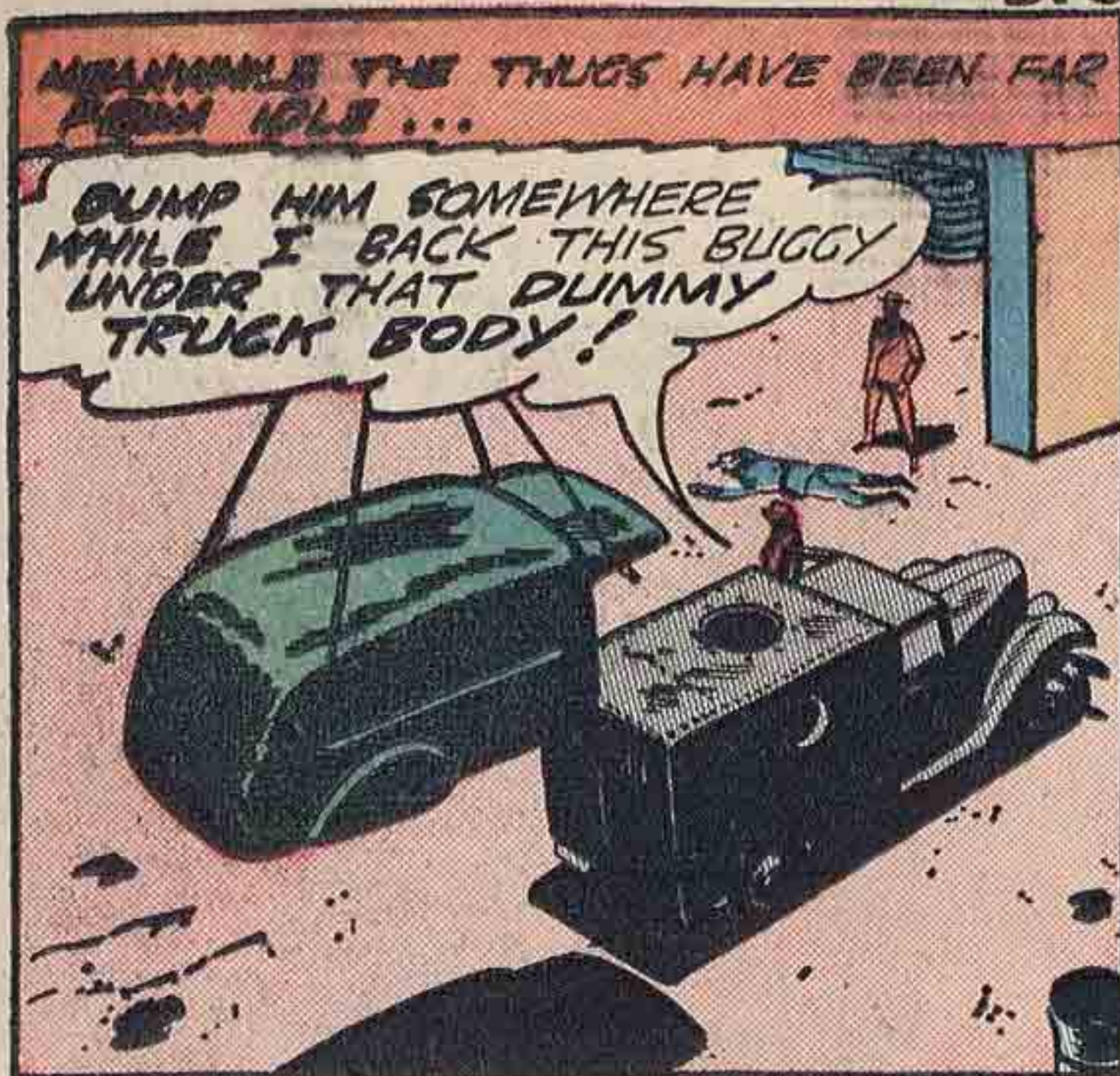
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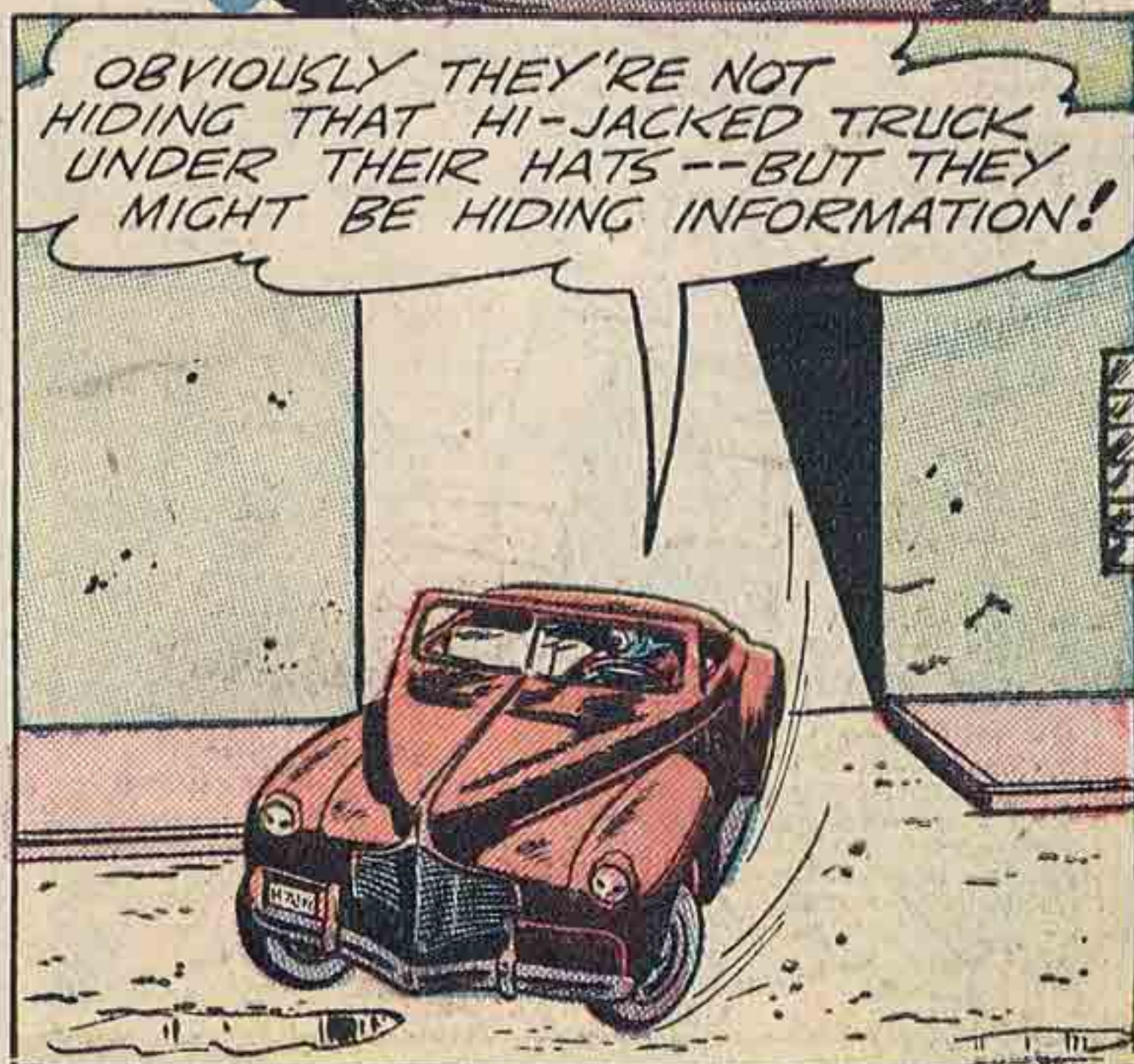
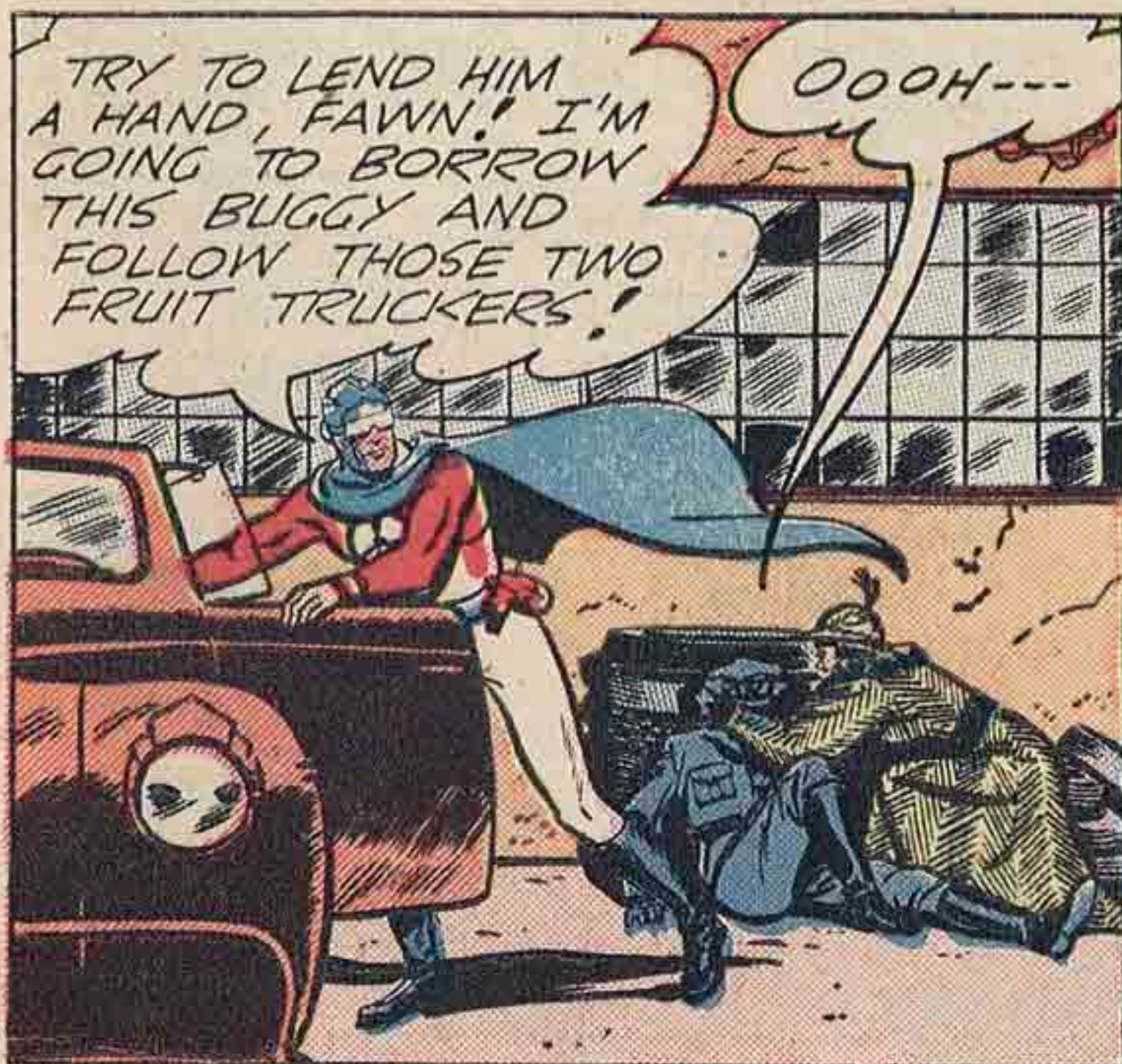
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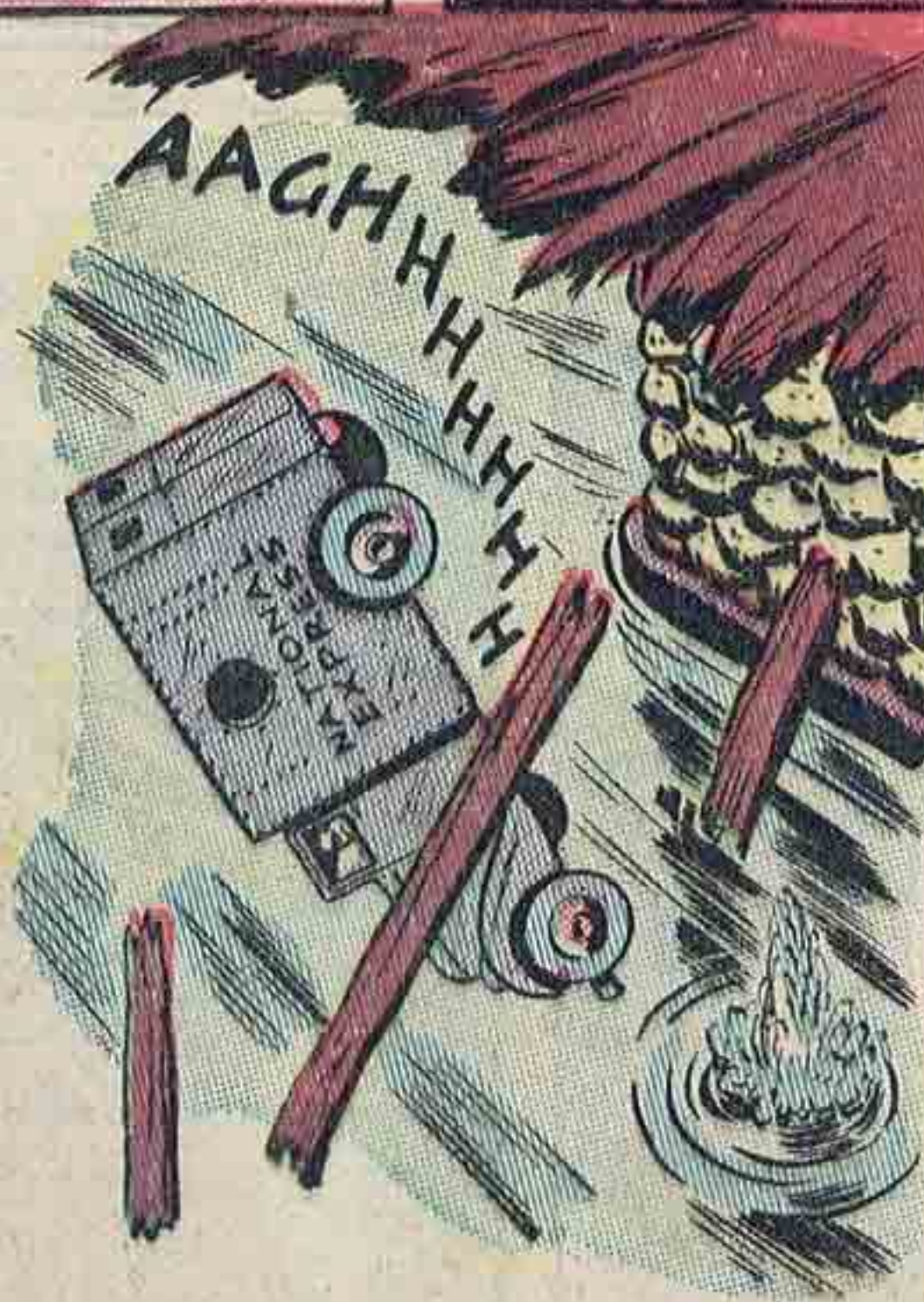
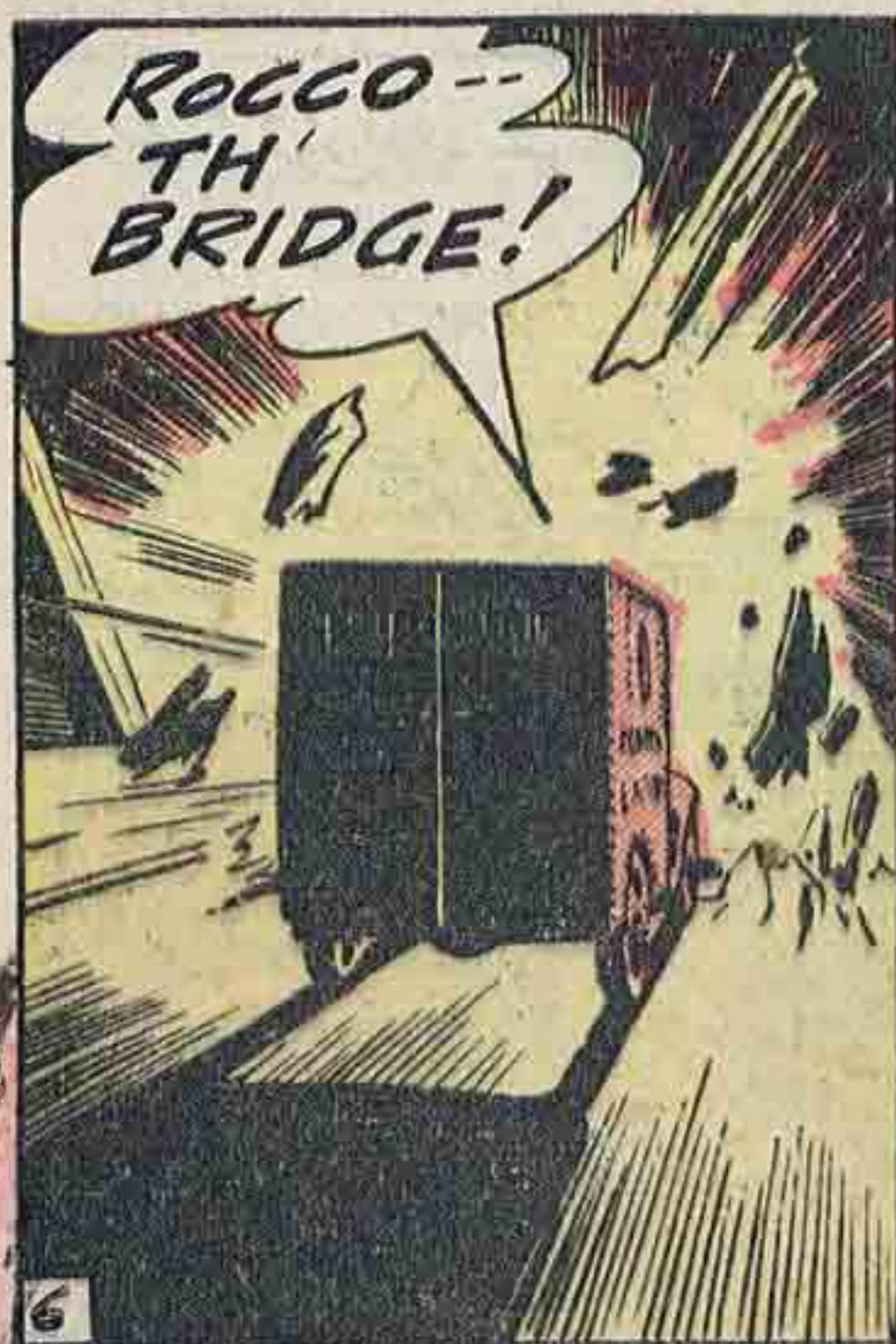
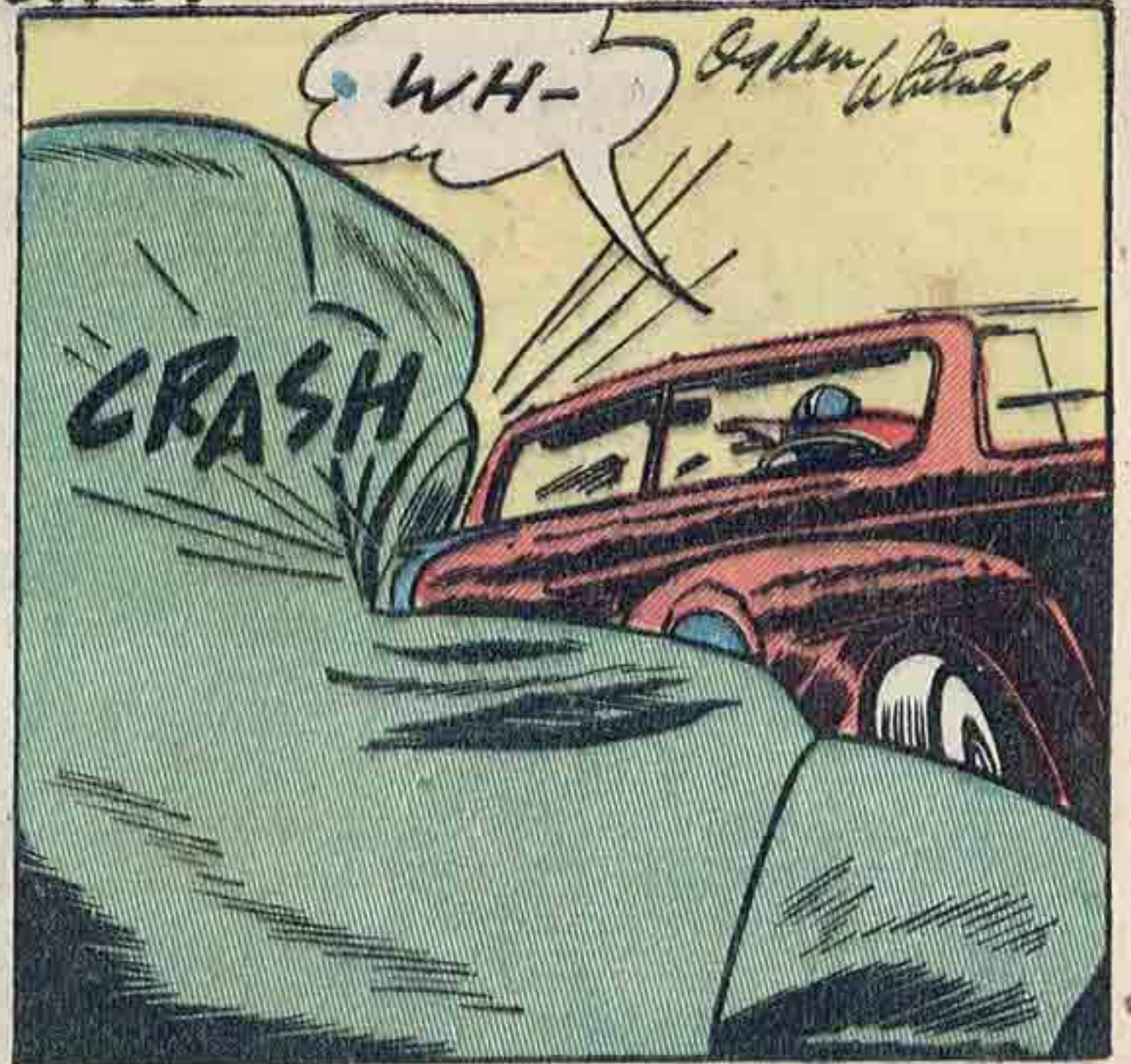
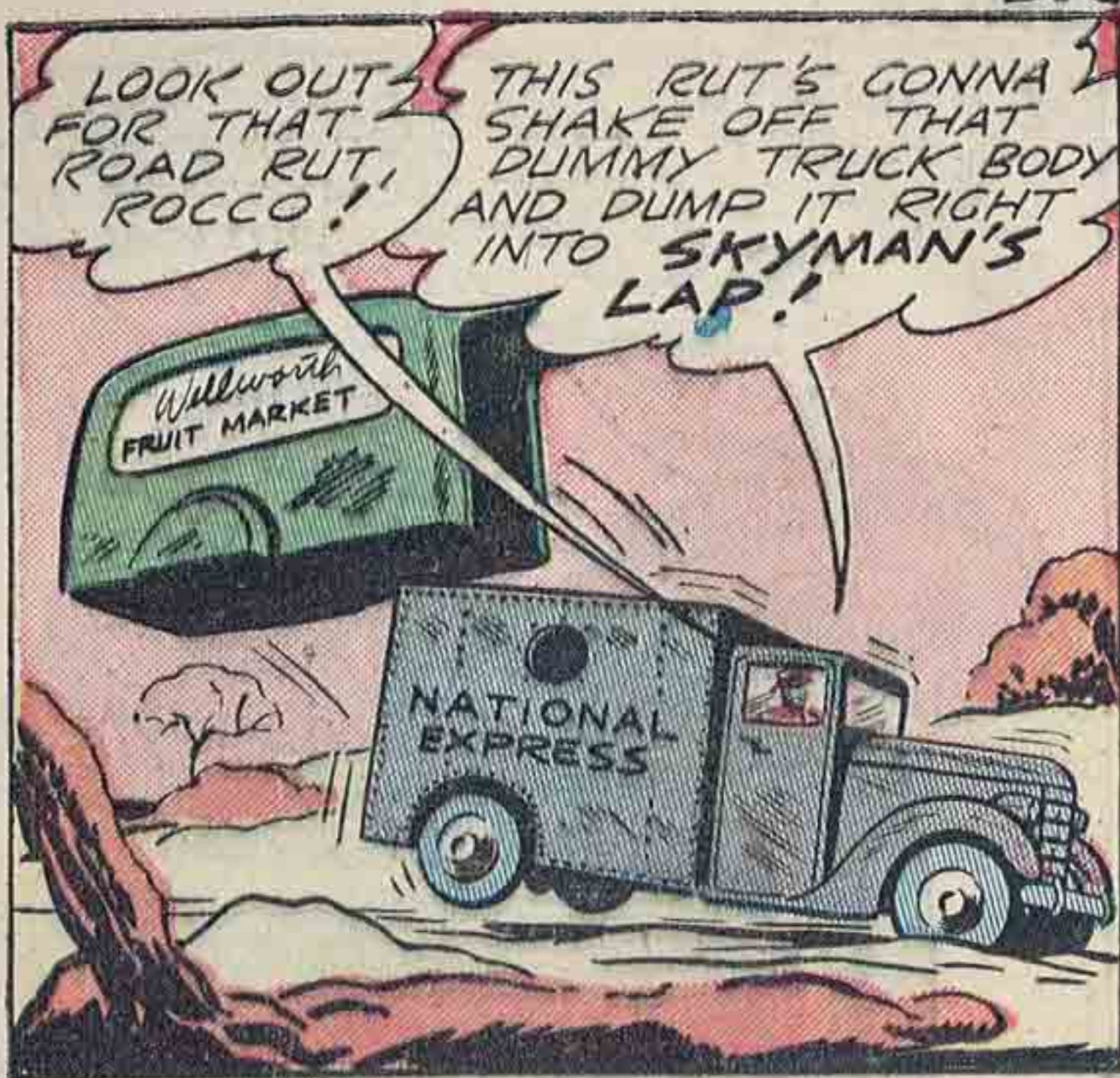
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BIG SHOT TONY TRENT

by MART BAILEY



NICE TO BE BACK AT
THE COURT OF THE
TWO SISTERS, EH, BABS?

YES, IT'S COMPLETELY OUT
OF THIS WORLD — AND
I'VE NEVER TASTED SUCH
WONDERFUL LOBSTER!



BACK FROM MIDDLE EUROPE, TONY TRENT, FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT, AND HIS WIFE RELAX AMID THE GAY EXCITEMENT OF THE MARDI GRAS IN ROMANTIC NEW ORLEANS....



EEEEEE!

BABS! WHAT'S
THE MATTER?
YOU LOOK AS
IF YOU SEE
THE DEVIL!



YOU DROPPED YOUR
HANDBAG, MADAM.

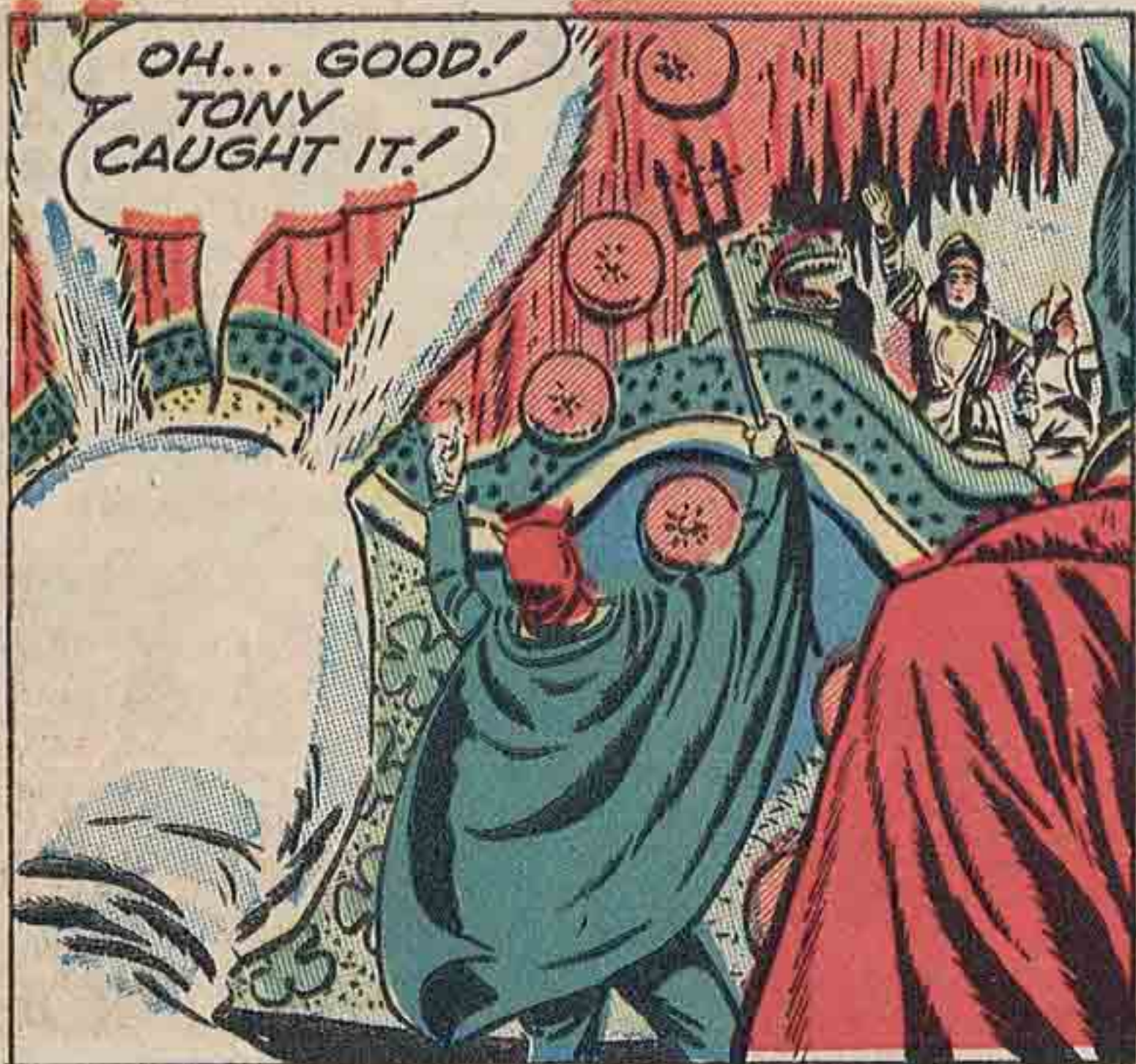
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Amazing ALL-OVER RAIN-COVER BARGAIN

U.S. GOV'T SURPLUS

BIGGEST VARIETY OF USES OF ANYTHING YOU EVER OWNED



Take it to **BALL GAMES, PICNICS, RIDING, HUNTING, FISHING . . . 101 OTHER USES**

This newest type, durable, compact, light, all-weather, all-purpose cover-all was made for gas warfare protection. It's all plastic with transparent top. You can see in all directions. It's BIG . . . 52" long, 52" wide. Big enough for two people to keep perfectly dry. Covers you completely . . . hat, coat, shoes and ALL.

Big and roomy as it is, folds to compact package of 4" by 7". Small enough to fit in pocket, lady's purse, golf bag, tackle box, dashboard compartment, etc. Ready instantly if you're caught in rain or sleet storm whether walking, riding, in open car, watching ball game, hunting, fishing, picnicking, etc. Children play tent, too. Insert clothes-hanger and you have dust-proof hamper to store clothes, dresses. Covers baby's carriage. Etc., etc.

Amazing close-out price is only \$1.00, and they're going fast. If you don't agree that these specially made cover-alls are worth 4 or 5 times that much, we'll refund your dollar. It's the kind of all-weather-protection you have wished often you could find. Keeps you as dry and cozy as a bug-in-a-rug because it covers your hat, coat, shoes, and ALL. Rain can't get to you. Get one or two NOW. You will not have another chance like this after this close-out is gone.

SEND NO MONEY. Mail the coupon TODAY. When package arrives in special foil-lined case, deposit only \$1.00 plus C.O.D. postage with postman. Open it and SEE what an amazing VARIETY of uses to which you can put it. If not 100% pleased, return in 5 days for money back. BUT HURRY. This is a close-out, and you will never get another one at this bargain price.

SURPLUS SALES, Dept. 52-C, Joliet, Ill.

**YOU
WILL NEVER
GET ANOTHER ONE
AT THIS LOW PRICE
ONLY \$1.00**



MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

SURPLUS SALES, Dept. 52 C, Joliet, Ill.

Please send me All-weather, All-purpose Cover-all at \$1.00 each. I will deposit the total amount of my order with postman, plus C.O.D. Postage on arrival. (If I enclose total amount of my order with coupon, you are to pay all postage charges.)

Name

Address

City State

Sensational Offer to Flower Lovers!

100 FAMOUS MICHIGAN RAINBOW MIX GLADIOLUS

**100
BULBS
\$1.69**

ASTOUNDING

Get Acquainted OFFER

DOZENS of brilliant flaming colors in this Rainbow Mix Assortment... flaming red, yellow, purple and blue Gladiolus for the remarkable low cost of less than 2c per bulb. Our prize selection of 2-year-old bulbs now ready for many years of flowering... 1 1/2" to 2 1/4" in circumference. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. By simply mailing the coupon below you can make your garden the envy of your neighbors with a gorgeous riot of beautiful color. Send coupon TODAY.

EXTRA—3 TUBEROSES

A real bargain in Gladiolus, yes! But that isn't all! For prompt ordering we will give you 3 Tuberoses without additional charge. These flower into beautiful waxy-white blooms on spikes 2 to 3 feet tall, and are extremely fragrant. Just mail your order and get these gift bulbs.

SEND NO MONEY—MAIL COUPON

Your Gladiolus Bulbs and Extra Tuberoses will be sent you by return mail. Send no money... deposit only \$1.69 plus postage with postman on arrival with the distinct understanding that if you're not 100% thrilled with your bargain you need only to return your purchase for full refund! But don't wait... if you don't send in your order TODAY, you may be too late! Mail coupon now!

OTHER WONDERFUL BARGAINS!

- **12 BEAUTIFUL YOUNG EVERGREENS . . . \$1.98**
Order the stately Evergreens that grow everywhere in the United States. Each tree 2 years or older. Certified by the Dept. of Agriculture.
- **THRILLING CUSHION MUMS—10 PLANTS . . . \$1.69**
Vigorous. Young. Healthy. grow anywhere. Will produce hundreds of flowers. Ten assorted colors—Stunning! Exciting! Order promptly and receive your EXTRA bonus

**EXTRA.....with above orders:
3 RARE RANUNCULUS BULBS!**

SEND THIS COUPON TODAY

Michigan Bulb Co., Dept. GG-150 | Grand Rapids 2, Mich.

Send orders checked below. I will pay postman amount of order on arrival, plus postage on guarantee that I must be fully satisfied or may return for refund (cash with order, Michigan Bulb pays postage)

- ☐ 100 Gladiolus Bulbs with 3 Tuberoses EXTRA \$1.69
- ☐ 100 Growers Choice Gladiolus Bulbs with 3 Tuberoses \$1.94
- ☐ 100 Exhibition Gladiolus Bulbs with 3 Tuberoses \$2.98
- ☐ 12 Canna Bulbs with 3 Tuberoses EXTRA \$1.69
- ☐ 20 Lily Bulbs with 3 Ranunculus Bulbs EXTRA \$1.94
- ☐ 6 Dahlia Roots with 3 Ranunculus Bulbs EXTRA \$1.94
- ☐ 55 Perennial Plants—11 Popular Varieties \$1.94
- ☐ 12 Evergreens with 3 Ranunculus Bulbs EXTRA \$1.98
- ☐ 10 Cushion Mum Plants with 3 Ranunculus Bulbs \$1.69
- ☐ Send C.O.D. plus postage
- ☐ Payment herewith Michigan Bulb to pay postage

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____
State _____



This is a painting of typical American gladiolas by a well-known artist. However, it is not necessarily intended to portray the gladiolas developed from the bulbs advertised here, but merely to illustrate the beauty gladiolas can bring to your garden.

SEND NOW TO MICHIGAN BULB CO.
Dept. GG-150 | GRAND RAPIDS 2, MICHIGAN